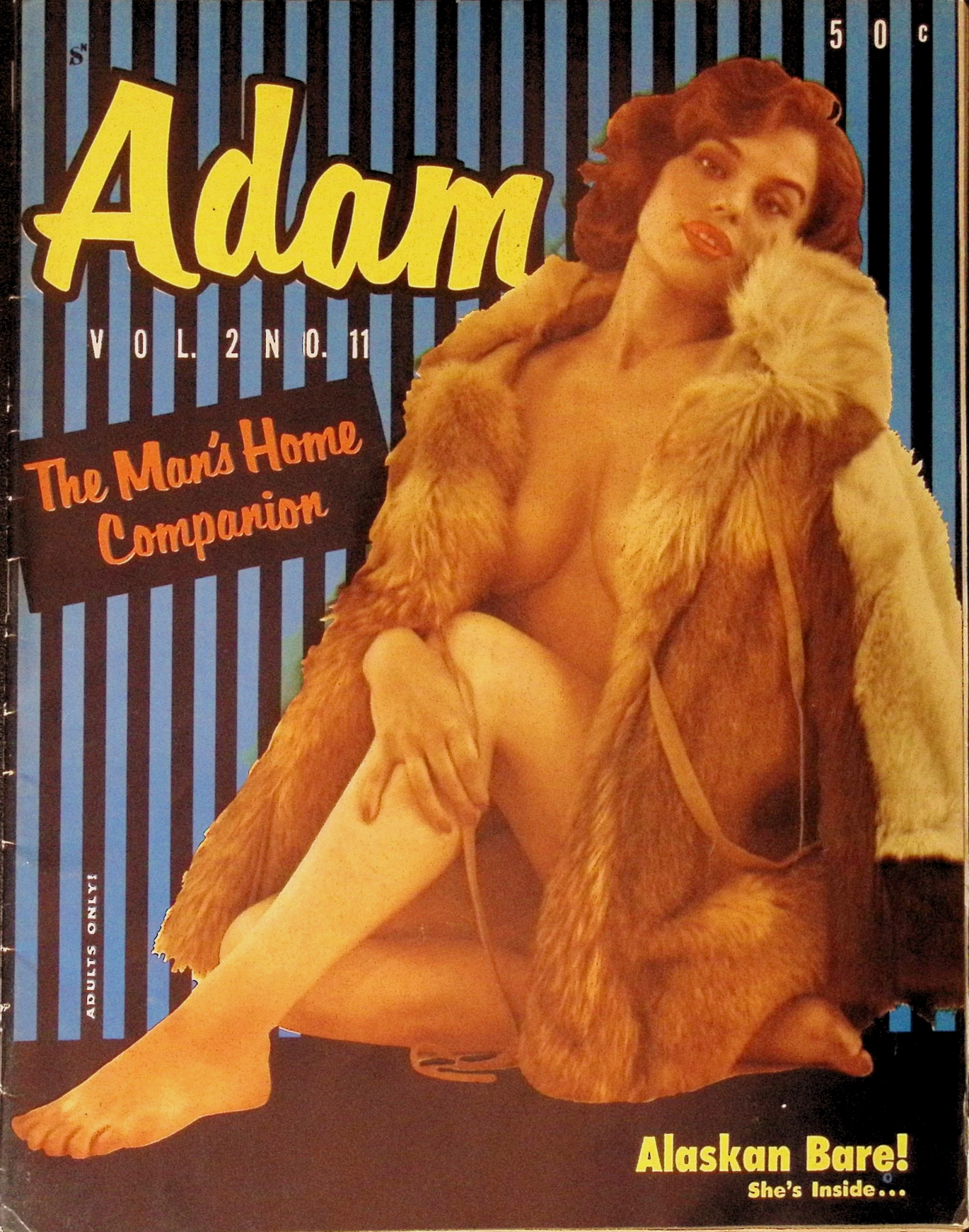
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Adam
VOL. 2 NO. 11
The Man's Home Companion
ADULTS ONLY!
Alaskan Bare!
She's Inside...

a word from ADAM

MURDER CAN BE fun — at least on paper. Its ramifications are as varied and deep and dirty as people themselves and, in fiction at any rate, a lot more interesting. Thus minded, ADAM takes a look at three very varied types of capital crime. The first is a cultural killing — Ray Bradbury's "The Murderer" is fully in keeping with its famous author's preoccupation with people and the things that will trouble their sleep in the near-future — yet, in its iet, insidious way, "The Murderer" is more unsettling than the bloodiest of thunder. The second is a sex-inspired killing. Jay Edmond's horrifying "No One Will Know" is a story of personal weakness and violence and disaster that will find every reader wondering why it hasn't happened to *him*. The third, Art Crockett's "Bell for a Killer," is an equally shocking story of judicial murder gone amok. Don't worry, men, ADAM has not gone kill-crazy. The girls and gaiety are here in profusion and outrageously attractive ortment. Next to Topic-A, murder en be fun, and that's where it is — *next* to Topic-A!

"I almost got caught behind the Iron Curtain. and read about me in ADAM's pictureview on Page 42."

Adam MONTHLY

VOL. 2 NO. 11

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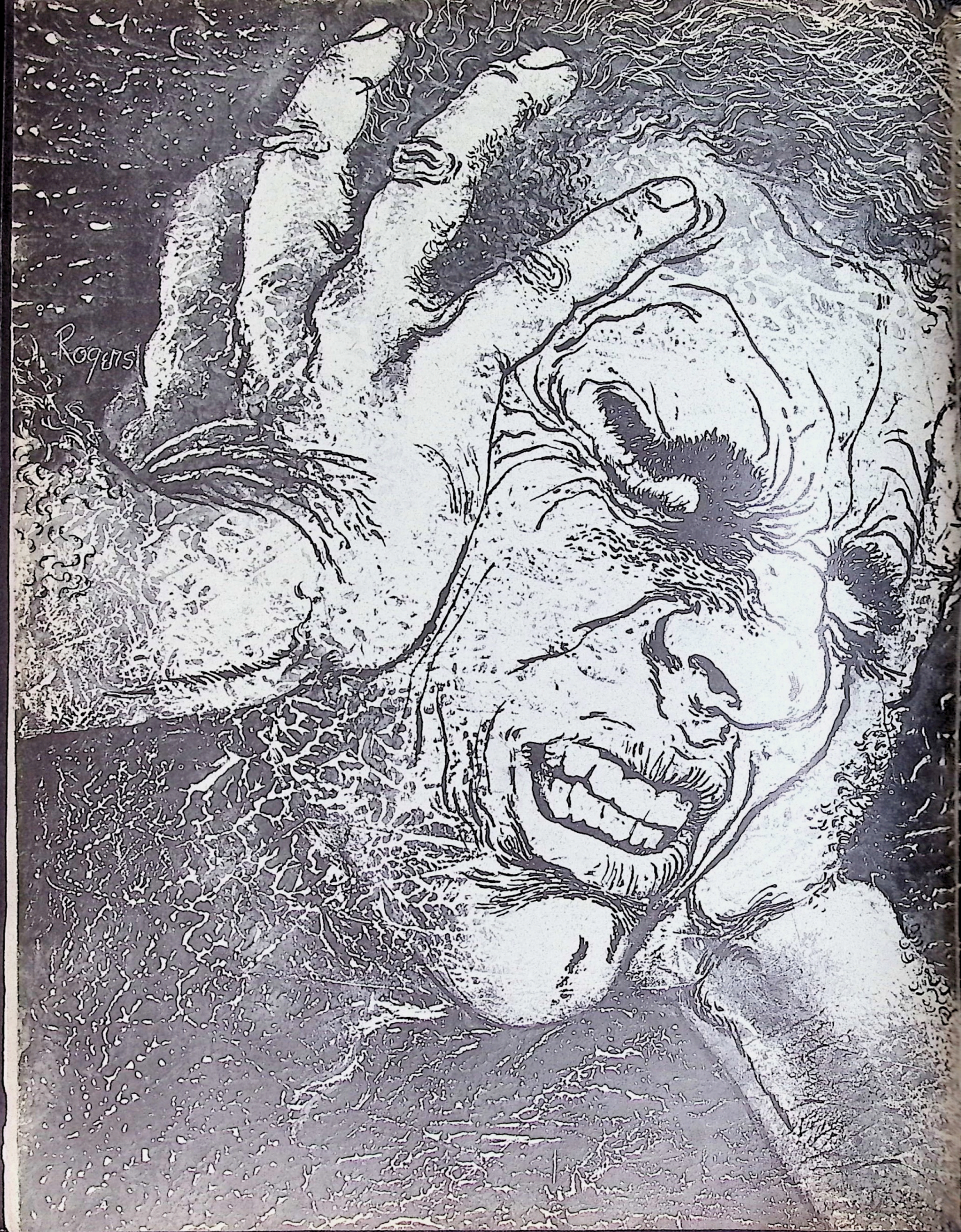
"Cigaret? Light one, sit back, relax, and read about me in ADAM's pictureview on Page 7. Then head for the 49th State. Tell them Marilyn Westley sent you."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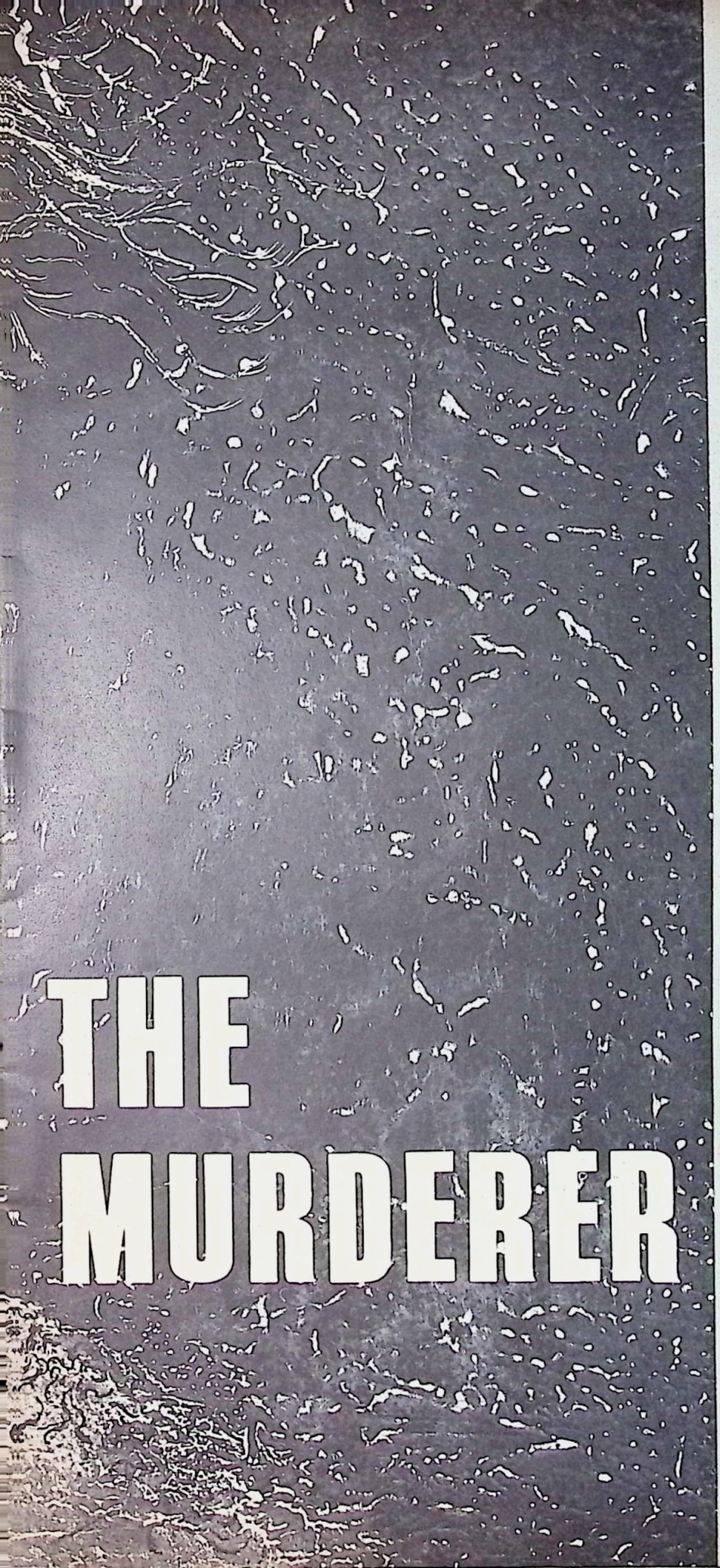


THE MURDERER

MUSIC MOVED with him in the white halls. He passed an office door: "The Merry Widow Waltz." Another door: "Afternoon of a Faun." A third: "Kiss Me Again." He turned into a cross corridor: "The Sword Dance" buried him in cymbals, drums, pots, pans, knives, forks, thunder, and tin lightning. All washed away as he hurried through an anteroom where a secretary sat nicely stunned by Beethoven's Fifth. He moved himself before her eyes like a hand; she didn't see him.

His wrist radio buzzed.

"Yes?"

"This is Lee, Dad. Don't forget about my allowance."

"Yes, son, yes. I'm busy."

"Just didn't want you to forget, Dad," said the wrist radio. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" swarmed about the voice and flushed into the long halls.

The psychiatrist moved in the beehive of offices, in the cross-pollination of themes, Stravinsky mating with Bach, Haydn unsuccessfully repulsing Rachmaninoff, Schubert slain by Duke Ellington. He nodded to the humming secretaries and the whistling doctors fresh to their morning work. At his office he checked a few papers with his stenographer, who sang under her breath, then phoned the police captain upstairs. A few minutes later a red light blinked, a voice said from the ceiling:

"Prisoner delivered to Interview Chamber Nine."

He unlocked the chamber door, stepped in, heard the door lock behind him.

"Go away," said the prisoner, smiling.

The psychiatrist was shocked by that smile. A very sunny, pleasant warm thing, a thing that shed bright light upon the room. Dawn among the dark hills. High noon at midnight, that smile. The blue eyes sparkled serenely above that display of self-assured dentistry.

"I'm here to help you," said the psychiatrist, frowning. Something was

— turn the page

by RAY BRADBURY

In a world gone mad with conformity and incessant sound, he was the only sane one

MURDERER, *from page 5*

wrong with the room. He had hesitated the moment he entered. He glanced around. The prisoner laughed. "If you're wondering why it's so quiet in here, I just kicked the radio to death."

Violent, thought the doctor.

The prisoner read this thought, smiled, put out a gentle hand. "No, only to machines that yak-yak-yak."

Bits of the wall radio's tubes and wires lay on the gray carpeting. Ignoring these, feeling that smile upon him like a heat lamp, the psychiatrist sat across from his patient in the unusual silence which was like the gathering of a storm.

"You're Mr. Albert Brock, who calls himself The Murderer?"

Brock nodded pleasantly. "Before we start . . ." He moved quietly and quickly to detach the wrist radio from the doctor's arm. He tucked it in his teeth like a walnut, gritted and heard it crack, handed it back to the appalled psychiatrist as if he had done them both a favor. "That's better."

The psychiatrist stared at the ruined machine. "You're running up quite a damage bill."

"I don't care," smiled the patient. "As the old song goes: 'Don't Care What Happens to Me'!" He hummed it.

The psychiatrist said: "Shall we start?"

"Fine. The first victim, or one of the first, was my telephone. Murder most foul. I shoved it in the kitchen Insinkerator! Stopped the disposal unit in mid-swallow. Poor thing strangled to death. After that I shot the television set!"

The psychiatrist said, "Mmm."

"Fired six shots right through the cathode. Made a beautiful tinkling crash, like a dropped chandelier."

"Nice imagery."

"Thanks, I always dreamt of being a writer."

"Suppose you tell me when you first began to hate the telephone."

"It frightened me as a child. Uncle of mine called it the Ghost Machine. Voices without bodies. Scared the living hell out of me. Later in life I was never comfortable. Seemed to me a phone was an impersonal instrument. If it *felt* like it, it let your personality go through its wires. If it didn't *want* to, it just drained your personality away until what slipped through at the other end was some cold fish of a voice all steel, copper, plastic, no warmth, no reality. It's easy to say the wrong thing on telephones; the telephone changes your meaning on you. First thing you know, you've made an enemy. Then, of course, the telephone's such a *convenient* thing; it just sits there and *demands* you call someone who doesn't want to be called. Friends were always calling, calling, calling me. Hell, I hadn't any time of my own. When it wasn't the telephone it was the television, the radio, the phonograph. When it wasn't the television or radio or the phonograph it was motion pictures at the corner theater, motion pictures projected, with commercials, on low-lying cumulus clouds. It doesn't rain rain any more, it rains soapsuds. When it wasn't High-Fly Cloud advertisements, it was music by Mozzek in every restaurant; music and commercials on the busses I rode to work. When it wasn't music, it was inter-office communications, and my horror chamber of a radio wrist watch on which my friends and my wife phoned every five minutes. What is there about such 'conveniences' that makes them so *temptingly* convenient? The average man thinks, Here I am, time on my hands, and there on my wrist is a wrist telephone, so why not just buzz old Joe up, eh? 'Hello, hello!' I love my friends, my wife, humanity, very much, but when one minute my wife calls to say, 'Where are you *now,* dear?' and a friend calls and says, 'Got the best off-color joke to tell you. Seems there was a guy—' And a stranger calls and cries out, 'This is the Find Fax Poll. What gum are you chewing at this very *instant!*' Well!"

"How did you feel during the week?"

"The fuse lit. On the edge of the cliff. That same afternoon I did what I did at the office."

"Which was?"

"I poured a paper cup of water into the intercommunications system."

The psychiatrist wrote on his pad.

"And the system shorted?"

"Beautifully! The Fourth of July on wheels! My God, stenographers ran around looking *lost!* What an uproar!"

"Felt better temporarily, eh?"

"Fine! Then I got the idea at noon of stomping my wrist radio on the sidewalk. A shrill voice was just yelling out of it at me, 'This is People's Poll Number Nine. What did you eat for lunch?' when I kicked the Jesus out of the wrist radio!"

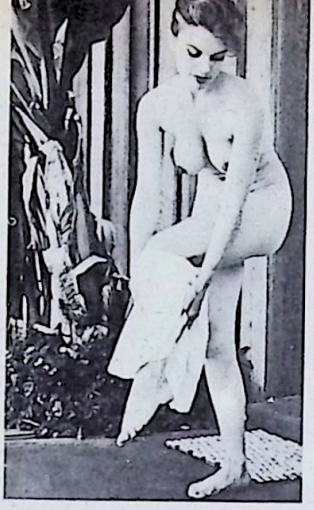
"Felt even *better,* eh?"

"It *grew* on me!" Brock rubbed his hands together. "Why didn't I start a solitary revolution, deliver man from certain 'conveniences'? 'Convenient for who?' I cried. Convenient for friends: 'Hey, Al, thought I'd call you from the locker room out here at Green Hills. Just made a sockdolager hole in one! A hole in one, Al! A *beautiful* day. Having a shot of whiskey now. Thought you'd want to know, Al!'

— *turn to page 30*

"and you told me you were a vegetarian."

ALASKA GIRL
– what a
woman!



by JOSEPH TURNER

In her natural beauty and freedom of spirit, Marilyn Westley is the personification of the 49th State

ON THE HISTORICAL day, last July, when the Territory of Alaska was voted in the Union by Congress as the Forty-ninth State, a magnificent, tawny blonde with classic features, a thick mane of honey-colored hair and a figure of near-astronomical proprotions, breezed into a Hollywood model agency near the southeast corner of Fairfax and Santa Monica Boulevards. In a quiet contralto, with a trace of Scandinavian accent, she said, "I saw your ad in the paper. I've done some modeling, and I thought perhaps you could get me some work. I only plan to be here ten days."

"What's your name?" she was asked by the model-agent.

"Marilyn Westley."

"Where are you from?"

Marilyn hesitated, then replied, "From nowhere in particular — or all over. I was born and raised in Juneau."

Juneau, of course, is the capital city of the brand-new state, and Marilyn must be listed, with the possible exception of salmon canneries, as its most phenomenal production to date. The girl is truly prodigious in every way. It would be pleasant to report that she plans to settle in Hollywood permanently and make tracks for screen and television honors, honors she could doubtless attain with proper management. But Marilyn says no.

Ever since becoming a runaway, six years ago, at the age of sixteen, she has been on the go, supporting herself in the most extraordinary ways, forever restless, forever moving on. Says she, "I've been all over Canada and the United States, except for the South Central parts like Tennessee and Arkansas. The longest I've ever stayed in one place was Banff, where I was a trail-guide for a whole season."

What else has Marilyn done? Mostly, she has traveled. "I drove a motorcycle for the Royal American Shows — you know, going around and around in a cyclorama until centrifugal force holds you parallel with the ground. And I used to crash cars for a touring stunt-driving outfit called the Hollywood Daredevils — though we never saw Hollywood."

Asked if such work isn't dangerous, she looks thoughtful, then sheepish, then says, "I suppose so — but you never think of danger while you're doing it."

Broken bones or bad injuries? "No — but I got thrown off a cycle once and gashed the inside of my knee. Here's the scar to prove it."

Had Marilyn been born 30 years sooner, she would undoubtedly have been entertaining country fair audiences by dangling from the undercarriage of a plane by her teeth, or engaging in wingwalking and other amiable pastimes of the pre-jet era. Asked why she let herself in for this sort of action, she tosses back her Norse-Goddess mane of honey hair and replies, "I simply do whatever comes along. What can a person do who doesn't have a trade?"

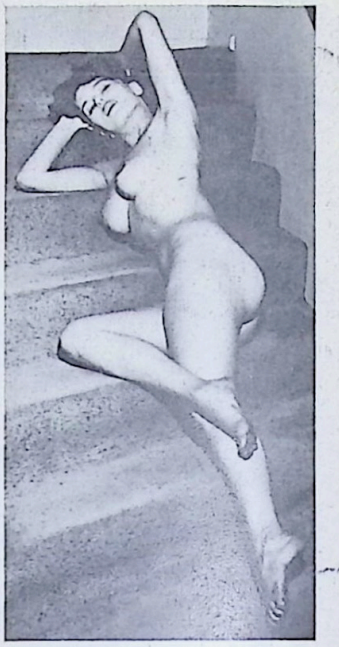
Not all of Marilyn's jobs have been quite so dangerous — for a while, she did fashion modeling in Montreal, and she put in a year touring with a magician who calls himself "The Great Dr. Zomb" and puts on horror shows

for midnight movies. This literally hair-raising experience Marilyn looks back on with wry amusement.

"I was the girl he sawed in two when I wasn't introducing the act," she admits. Then, with a giggle, "His real name is Ormand McGill, but he calls himself Dr. Zomb — z-o-m-b, like a bomb. Once I spent a whole day in vampire makeup, lying in a coffin in a store window with a lily in my hands.

"But I got to meet a lot of show people while I was with him. Some of them were wonderful. The one I liked best was Joe Frisco — when he died last winter, I cried for two days. I loved that funny little man."

For the record, Marilyn has blue-grey eyes, stands five feet six inches tall and weighs 123 pounds without trying. Her measurements, latitude-wise, are a stunning 38-23-36, and she carries herself with the arrogant pride of a goddess, an arrogance denied by her soft spoken, rather modest manner. Both her parents were born in Minnesota, and she left Hollywood



She's raced motorcycles, crashed cars, worked as a trail guide, and posed as a vampire

soon after these pictures were taken for a reunion with them and their numerous relatives in the Golden Gopher state.

Marilyn is the second in a clutch of six young Westleys, numbering four boys and one girl. Her father is a taxidermist of English ancestry, while her maternal forebears are Norse. As for the accent, "I guess I picked it up by being around Scandinavian people during my childhood."

She was taught to fly a plane by her first boyfriend, at the age of fourteen. "In Alaska, everybody has a plane, the way they do cars in the States," she reveals, which is understandable in a land of few roads and vast distances.

As a result of another Alaskan custom, she has been in jail. "I was brought up with guns," she confesses. "Up there, everybody carries one as a matter of course. Sometimes, you forget when you're not in Alaska and take a pistol out target shooting, and somebody thinks you're a gunmoll or something and calls the cops."

Asked if she is a good shot, she narrows those magnificent blue-grey eyes and says, "Excellent!"

As for her running away from home at sixteen, she says, "It was one of those kid things — you know, family conflicts. But I didn't stay a runaway long. I wrote home within a week and told them where I was, and I've been back many times since."

However, Marilyn kept going. In her persistent desire to be on her own and to explore the world, she not only looks like but is a throwback to the ancient Viking sea-rovers who explored the oceans from the Arctic to the South Atlantic.

"The next time I make a lot of money," she says, a wistful gleam of wanderlust in her eyes, "I'm going to the South Pacific. After all, I haven't been off this continent yet."

And after that? "Oh, I suppose I'll get tired of it and move on somewhere else."

And if she fails to make a lot of money? "I'll do this." — with a jerk of the right thumb in the immemorial hitch-hiker's gesture. "I've done plenty of that, too."

Doesn't she have trouble with the men who pick her up? After all, this is an outstandingly beautiful girl. The blue-grey eyes recede a little, the perfect mouth tightens secretively. Then she smiles and says, "Trouble keeps life interesting."

This, inevitably, brings Marilyn to the subject of herself versus men in the battle of the sexes. "In my opinion," she says frankly, "men are the best invention since sex. I guess you could call them my favorite hobby. But when you have the urge to travel as strongly as I do, it's difficult to establish anything permanent with a man. I was engaged once, but that's a long time ago. Sometimes, a life of one-night stands can be romantic, but usually it's just a lot of drinks and a double hangover — rather distasteful."

In the matter of drink, Marilyn has a rigid rule. "I never drink before sundown," she says. Asked if this doesn't bring on acute alcoholism in Alaskan winters, when the sun hardly rises at all, she grins like a charming boy and says, "One must learn to regulate oneself, of course."

When it comes to food, "I have to remind myself to eat enough to stay alive. When you've eaten in as many greasy spoons as I have, you don't even want to think about food. Not that I haven't lived in the best hotels when I had money! But you don't find much

good food when you travel the way I have."

Cooking? "I hate it — in fact, I've never tried. I couldn't boil water if my life depended on it."

Save for her yen to reach the South Pacific, and an unfulfilled desire to become a roving journalist-photographer for a newspaper or magazine, Marilyn has no plans except to keep moving. "If my luck runs out, I'll hitchhike and sleep under a tree," she says, unperturbed, adding, "It won't be the first time. I travel light."

Marilyn loves animals of all kinds, having been brought up amid both the live and stuffed varieties. She doesn't even mind snakes "as long as they're over there, and I'm over here" — but she loathes and detests houseflies — "I can't look at one without shuddering."

She is very articulate and intelligent, a heavy reader of books and magazines as are many wanderers who must spend much time in solitude. In spite of her wildly erratic life of the past six years, at least as viewed from the convention-bound vantage point of so-called "normal" girl-living, Marilyn projects great qualities of strength, steadiness and all-over character. Her inner pride of self and independence, therefore her integrity within the bounds of her own definition, are shiningly outstanding.

When interviewed, she was concerned over making contact with another young model, a mere acquaintance, who had missed a number of professional posing dates by going on a bender. Marilyn had connived at getting one or two of the missed appointments deferred and was in a hurry to reach the girl and get her straightened out. "She has no phone, and there's no other way to get in touch with her," she revealed.

"Someday," she remarked thoughtfully, "I suppose I'll find a place and a person that will make me want to settle down. Then I'll stop wandering."

At 22, Marilyn is already a veteran of life, and the place and the man who succeed in attracting her permanently will both profit thereby immeasurably. In her freedom of spirit, her pioneer drive, her integrity and her thoughtful intelligence, along with her immense natural resources, Marilyn seems the perfect personalization of the great new state she hails from.

In any case, Alaska is a hell of a wonderful girl, and Marilyn is a hell of a wonderful state. ADAM hopes they both become permanent fixtures.

the King's Mistress

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

THE REMARKABLE life of Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, Madame Le Normant d'Etioles, Marquise-Duchess de Pompadour endured, on the records, from December 29, 1721, when she was born in Paris, to her death in the palace of Versailles on April 15, 1764. Actually, however, the notorious Madame Pompadour was born in February, 1745, when she became the mistress of Louis XV.

Her earlier years, as the daughter of the steward to the Brothers Paris, perhaps the most important financiers in France at that time, seem to have been little more than schooling for her role as bedmate, entertainer and, ultimately, close advisor to the miscalled "Merry Monarch".

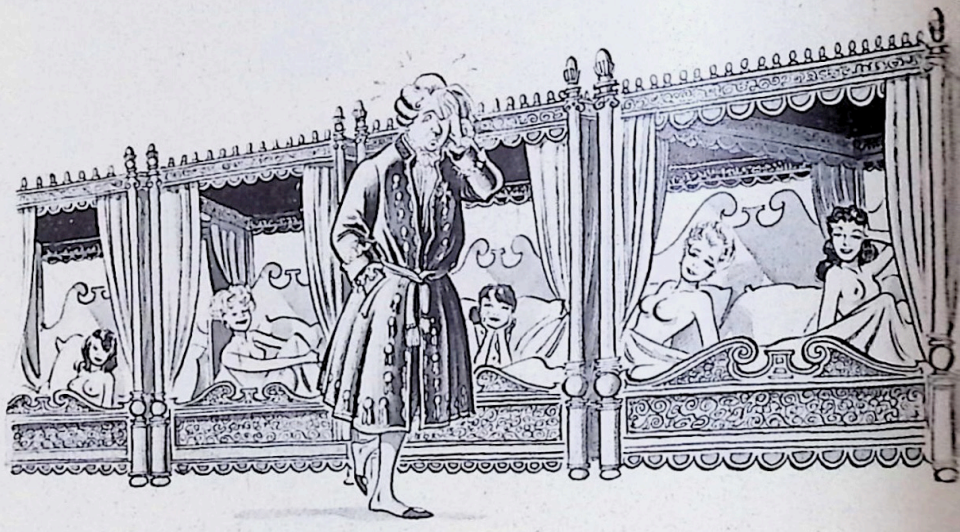
At the age of nine, the little girl was taken to a fortune teller, who made a tremendous impression upon the child by predicting that she would one day be the king's mistress. She made so much of it at home that, from then on, her nickname became "Reinette" (little queen), and it seems to have been considered the family joke. However, little Jeanne-Antoinette was not joking. From then on, her entire life was dedicated to this single purpose — not, incidentally as frivolous or sinful an aim as it may seem to the 20th century Anglo-American.

It was during the reign of Louis XIV, the "Sun King" or "Grand Monarch", who ruled France for 72 years from 1643 to 1715, that the job of royal mistress became not only coveted but respectable and eagerly sought after, since the family of the favored lady inevitably won social, diplomatic and financial advancement. Since royal marriages were strictly affairs of state, their purpose to cement alliances via the bearing of children who could be married off to cement further alliances, love seldom entered in the picture.

The kings of France took their pleasure where they found it — for what patriotic Frenchwoman, in her right mind, would refuse the monarch she was bound both by custom and tradition to serve?

As for Louis XV, he inherited an incredibly virile strain. Although he was quite justly called the "greatest gentleman of his age" and was a man of the most fastidious tastes and habits, he indulged himself as a true Bourbon king. When, late in his own life, his physician warned him against overindulgence, he countered, "You told me I could indulge as much as I wished, provided I did not use aphrodisiacs." To which, the physician replied, "Alas, Sire, change is the great-

— *turn the page*



Pompadour's entire life was dedicated to making the fortune teller's prophecy come true, and when she succeeded so admirably, she ruled all of France

MADAME DE POMPADOUR
AS VENUS
WITH APOLOGIES TO FRANÇOIS BOUCHER
COURT PAINTER TO LOUIS XV

MISTRESS, *from page 12*

est of all aphrodisiacs!"

This was the man for whom Jeanne-Antoinette set her cap as a moppet. And this was the man she won.

At the age of 10, Louis (already king) was betrothed to a golden-haired cousin, one of the Infantas of Spain, who at five years old followed her adored fiance around like an angelic puppy. However, no five-year-old, however nobly born, was of much practical use to an athletic, exceedingly handsome Bourbon teenage king of France with whom all the women and girls of his domain were only too willing to share the delights of amour.

Cardinal Fleury, an uncle, cast around for a more suitable princess to wed with Louis and packed the adorable little Infanta back to Madrid. As it happened, the only available future queen was Princess Marie Leczinska, the amiable, stupid daughter of exiled King Stanlislas of Poland, whose line was notable for its fecundity.

Although she was neither pretty, witty nor gay of spirit, Louis promptly fell in love with his bride, even though she was seven years older than he, and consummated the alliance in true Bourbon fashion by proving his affections seven times on the royal wedding night. Queen Marie promptly conceived, as she was to do 10 times for her lord and master, ultimately giving birth to one son and six daughters who lived to maturity.

Everything might have gone well, for essentially, Louis XV was a rather shy, domestically inclined young man, a lover of comfortable habit and routine, who might have set records in faithfulness to a spouse if Marie had not tired of the whole business and turned to religion and formal court protocol in about equal doses. She complained that she was everlastingly "in bed with the king, or pregnant by the king or brought to bed by the king," and began barring her bedroom on the days and nights of an ever-increasing number of saints until she had virtually the entire calendar blocked off from sexual usage.

By the late 1730's and early 1740's, the sex-famished Louis had fallen into the habit of taking his pleasure with one or another of a number of sisters, all of them Countesses of Mailly, members of an important French family, shuffling back and forth amongst them until he lit upon the worst-tempered and best looking of this tribe, the Duchess de Chateauroux.

Meanwhile, the dedicated Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson was growing up in Paris. A fascinating, brilliant, beautiful child, she grew into a brilliantly educated, enchantingly lovely young woman, of whom the reliable Dufort de Cheverny was to write, "No man living but would have had her for his mistress if he could. Tall, but not too tall — beautiful figure — round face with regular features — wonderful complexion, hands and arms — eyes not very big, but the brightest, wittiest and most sparkling I ever saw. Everything about her was rounded, including all her gestures."

Her education was wholly that of a well-bred, well-to-do girl of the Age of Reason. If a brief stay in a convent failed to give her the slightest concept of religion, she received private tutoring, under the aegis of her mother, from the ablest men in Paris. From a great performer of the Comedie-Francaise, she was taught to act, dance and sing like a professional. She studied elocution, and her memory was quick and phenomenonally retentive, so that she was able to quote accurately anything she had read, from pert little couplets to whole acts of playwrights Corneille and Racine. She became expert on the clavichord, and her taste in clothing, decoration and objects of art was intuitive and impeccable. Furthermore, she was witty, good-humored and an expert gardener, born both with a green thumb and an eye for planting just the right sort of flower or shrub or tree in exactly the right place to turn an ordinary plot of ground into a garden of enchantment. All of these graces, along with lesser talents for sketching and engraving, were solidly bedded in a rugged, practical honesty, a sort of French version of Yankee character that, coupled with her intelligence and charm, was to carry her triumphantly through many a stormy and thorny court intrigue.

Above all, though she was never robustly healthy or strong, she was fun. Even her bitterest enemies could not help adoring her when under the spell of her charm.

When she was 16, she was married off to Le Norman d'Etoiles, who promptly fell madly in love with her, as did Jeanne-Antoinette with him. In fact, she used to say, with a smile and sparkle, that she would never leave him for any other man — except, *naturellement,* the king. Etioles apparently thought she was joking, especially when she presented him with a daughter, Alexandrine. The young couple lived both in Paris and in d'Etioles' suburban chauteau, in a sort of young-marrieds' idyll.

In Paris, young Madame d'Etioles, this born princess of what would later be called cafe society, proceeded to use her talents and charm to open a salon for the literary wits and geniuses with which the city on the Seine then abounded, among them the great Helvetius and the immortal Voltaire.

However, Jeanne-Antoinette had not given up her avowed fulfillment of the seer-woman's prophecy. She was de-

"I don't care if it is a beach towel, don't you dare lay on it!"

termined to be the mistress of the king, married or no. Coincidentally, the d'Etioles' chateau abutted one of the chief royal hunting preserves in the forest of Senart, and the young matron thus managed to make herself known to Louis, to the great discomfiture of the de Chateauroux, who, alarmed at the prospect of being thus ousted from the royal bedroom, tactfully dropped dead.

The job was open, but it took every bit of Jeanne-Antoinette's wit and connections to make contact. Louis seems actually to have toyed with the idea of resuming relations with his Queen, but since he detested dullness, and since, as her own father, King Stanislas once admitted, "When I'm with my daughter, I yawn as I do at Mass," this idea died aborning.

It was February, 1745, and the Dauphin (crown prince) was married to a Spanish princess, sister of his father's rejected child fiancee. There were all sorts of festivities to celebrate the event, and d'Etioles was conveniently out of town on business, perhaps by careful arrangement of Jeanne-Antoinette. Contact was made, and, after one great ball, her carriage did not return from Versailles to Paris until the following morning.

The King then visited his new sweetheart in disguise and was almost arrested by the Paris police. He professed himself as fed up with bedhopping from wench to wench and anxious to stabilize his domestic life, and Madame d'Etioles began to be seen more and more around the palace at odd hours.

D'Etioles was an obstacle. However, a deal was made, and, heartbroken, he agreed to give up his wife for his country and retired to the off-stage shadows.

Jeanne-Antoinette was virtually locked up with a pair of expert courtiers, the Abbe de Bernis and the Marquis de Gontaut, to learn the endless rigmaroles of court relationships, protocol and manners, while her King and his pal, Marshal Richelieu, grand-nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu, rode off to the wars and the great French victory over the British at Fontenoy.

The next problem was that of presenting Jeanne-Antoinette to the Queen, so that she could be officially installed at Versailles. A raddled Princess de Conti took on the job in return for the King paying her gambling debts, which were enormous. The Queen proved unexpectedly gracious, perhaps preferring the newcomer to the intriguing, grasping Mailly sisters, and Jeanne-Antoinette was installed in a jewel-box of a palace apartment with a secret stairway leading from the King's own chambers immediately underneath.

From the very first, although (and perhaps because) they never really understood one another, Jeanne-Antoinette and Louis loved one another. Although he was shy and reserved, even with intimates, he loved to be amused while not bogged down in state affairs, and she made it her life-mission to see that he was kept constantly entertained. She did her enchanting best to keep the Bourbon sex-thirst slaked, although she proved unable to bear any more children — she had miscarriage after miscarriage.

But she was terrified of losing Louis to one or more of the alluring and better-born baggages who were constantly wriggling and flaunting themselves to take him from her — so she never let a miscarriage keep her in bed more than two days. According to gossip of the times, even then, she managed to look exquisite and "smell delicious" of rare perfumes.

This was the more remarkable because Jeanne-Antoinette, despite all the orgiastic and lewd stories that have been told about her ever since, representing her as a worthy rival to Rome's insatiable Messalina, was sexually frigid! The great Pompadour, Goddess of Sin and Sex, was incapable of orgasm. She was not really strong enough to maintain the pace she did for years in her effort to keep the King's appetites slaked, and eventually her great effort killed her.

Yet she kept him constantly entertained, both in and out of bed. She followed the Parisian police reports (the equivalent of our tabloid gossip columns) religiously and invariably had an ever-fresh repertoire of dramatic and scandalous stories to tell him. She organized a theater that, while she was able to keep it going with her limited stamina, had every noble in France seeking to play in the orchestra pit and every prince of the blood anxious to support her in the starring roles.

Discovering that nothing fascinated the monarch as much as building, she erected and rebuilt houses and chateaux all over France in the most exquisite taste. Her Elysee Palace in Paris, practically unretouched, is even today the official residence of the Presidents of the Republic. Her kid-brother Abel, elevated to the rank of Marquis de Marigny, became Intendant des Batiments (or Director of the King's Buildings), then a vast job, for which he showed a flair, taste and integrity that almost matched his sister's.

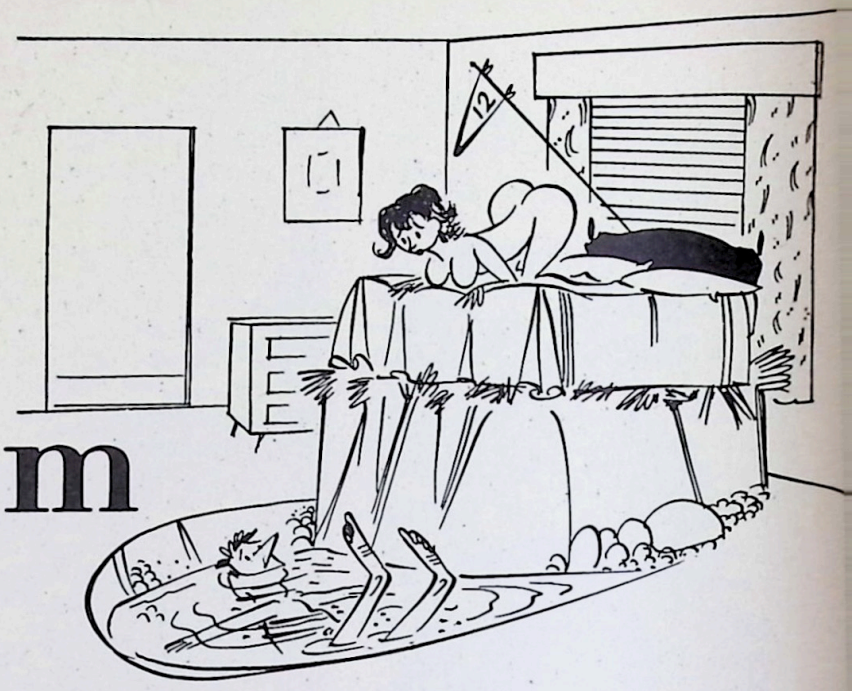
Yet all the while, as the envied Mistress of the King, subject to endless and scurrilous lampoons in drawing and verse that chiefly played on her name (Poisson, of course, means "fish" in French) and supposed unending appetite for lechery, she was fighting the Cold War against her own

— *turn to page 32*

"Care to wait upstairs, honey?"

For the links addict who is also a lover, we recommend this latest in ADAM's bag of games

America's Newest Sport... Bedroom Golf!



by EARL PRATT

THESE TWO VERY ardent, very expert lovers were locked in a close preliminary embrace when the male half of the team happened to look out the motel window to see a happy foursome putting out on the eighteenth green of the adjoining golf course. Looking down at his partner, he sighed and murmured, "Just think, darling! If we weren't so confoundedly busy in this bedroom, we could have shot thirty-six holes today."

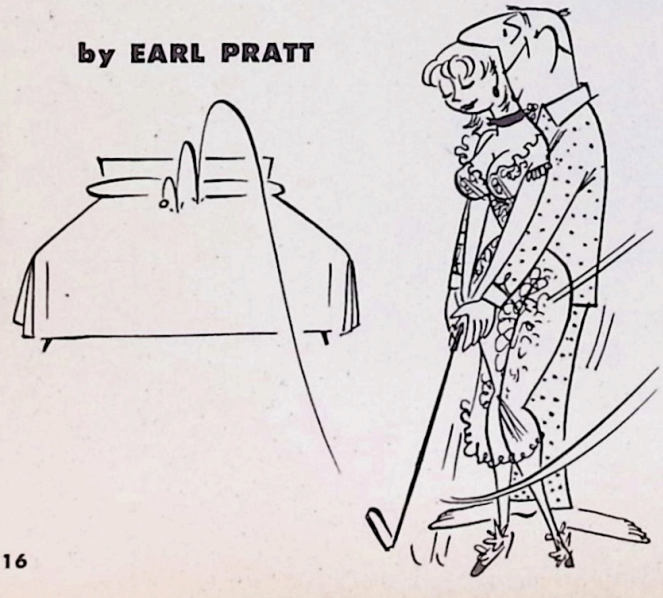
Let's face it — this character was a real gone golf-nut — and there are millions like him in America today who find it impossible to fit their favorite indoor and outdoor sports into a busy schedule. It is in answer to such mounting frustration and confusion that your Old Pro has devised a fusion of both games that will enable the golf-loving males and females of our fair land to bring the joys of golf into the bedroom with them, even while leaving their golf bags in the hall closet.

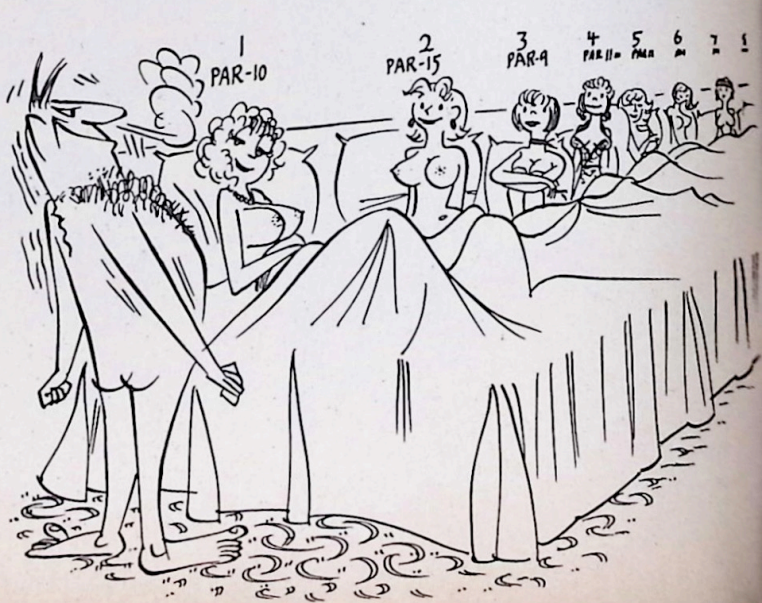
This development is, of course, primarily for the weekend sportsman, the more or less casual amateur, not for the big-time professional who must engage in the game, or games, with the deepest concentration and application merely to earn a living. A psychiatrist friend once said, "Golf, like love, tones up body and mind alike, but the amount should be regulated to fit the tolerance of the player."

By bringing the fairway, to say nothing of the rough, traps and putting green, into the bedroom, we enable the bewildered amateur, torn between the two games, to enjoy the best of both simultaneously as long as he doesn't try to keep score. Let him leave the scorecard out in the living room for best results — let him, or her, merely experiment, trying different shots and thus keeping good and loose.

This is the game I play with my wife (she is a very fine player by the way) and a number of our close friends of both sexes. My feeling is that if our frustrated lover-golfers would follow our example for a while, they would not only feel less crotchety, nervous and short tempered — but would find their games, in the bedroom as on the links, vastly bettered.

It is not my intention to suggest that all weekend golfer-lovers who don't play bedroom golf are psychiatric cases. Most of them are perfectly normal except when confronted by the inevitable decision on whether to spend Saturday and Sunday in bed or





on the links. It is the dithering exceptions I hope to get through to. People should play to relax, except for pros like your author — but not all of them are able to attain ease either on the links or in the bedroom.

I'm talking about those unfortunates who play so aggresively that they wear themselves out, and then go home and make their wives and children miserable — the characters who sulk and mutter and stew for days over a missed hole.

And, of course, there are the hopeless gamblers, the men and women who cannot undertake a gambol without making a bet on every hole they play, simply because they believe themselves to be experts. The sole salvation for this type of amateur who falls into this kind of trap is either to quit altogether or to play the game following my no-score scheme. If a man or woman must gamble as well as gambol on the game, the bets should go down not on their own questionable talent for it, but on the talent of someone else — preferably a pro.

Of course, in bedroom-golf, there is a vast difference between the gambler and the neophyte. Frankly, it is perfectly okay to keep score when you're just learning to play. It's a great feeling to start from scratch and measure your improvement as you go along, and only by keeping score can you keep track. For this purpose, a billiard marker is recommended, on which your record is kept. In more advanced cases, where a tally is still used, the abacus is recommended.

Actually, I know few neophytes who get to raving and ranting and tossing their equipment wildly around the room. Such behavior, mercifully, is strictly acquired, like mothballs, and can be eradicated via hypnosis. But your usual beginner opens the game by four-putting every hole and then leaping on to the next one immediately. He's having a ball, so why not?

However, the game becomes far more serious and less joyous, once the player has attained a certain plateau of performance and is straining to achieve a still higher level. To this, I say, why strain? It simply is not worth it. This is the moment to lie back and relax, to throw away your scoreboard or abacus, and enjoy yourself.

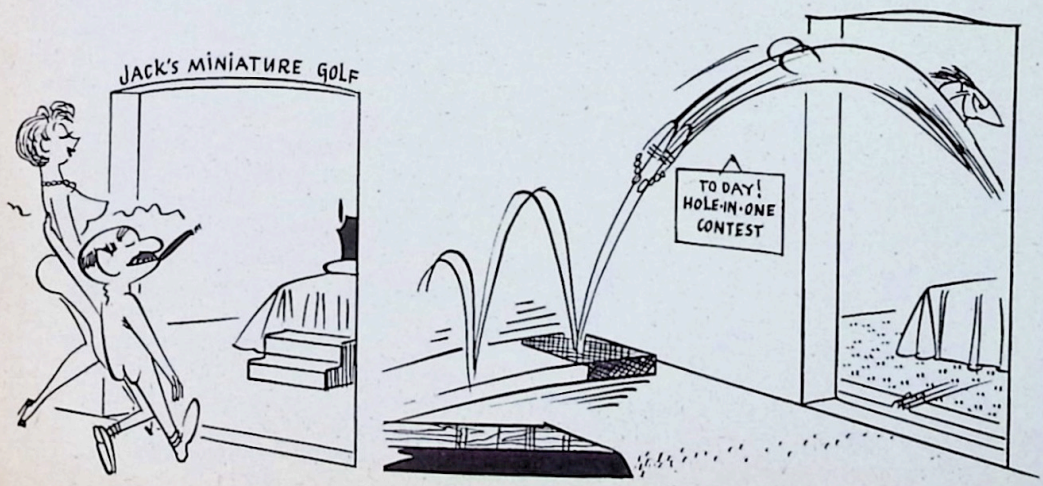
As my psychiatrist friend informed me sagely, "Only a few of us can be big-time parchesi players. So why delude ourselves into thinking we can attain perfection in the hay?"

We live in a rugged world of competition, and it is madness to bring competitive pressures into what, supposedly, offers us the ideal escape from care. There is nothing better for the tired businessman, in my opinion, than to hole in on a sunny Saturday afternoon and play a few holes. I feel certain most tired businessmen find the game relaxing — I know I get a large charge out of playing exhibitions with them, because they behave like teenagers. They enjoy playing with an established pro, and they don't mind lagging behind in their own scores.

Of course, it's not quite that simple for us pros. Always lurking in the backs of our heads is the thought that we've got to make a buck. After all, this is our livelihood. I've been a pro now for 18 years, and my health has held up pretty well, even though I smoke far too many cigars a day, which is another occupational hazard. The pro who goes in for the gruelling 12-month tournament circuit is the only one who should really go in for the record-breaking score, of course. Of late, however, there has been some discussion of making his or her life a bit easier via rule restrictions.

One official, high in the profession, recently suggested, after noting the wear and tear on the pros, that the matches be cut from 18 to 12 holes. He added that this would send the players home not totally worn out, and that, "Everyone will be happier — the player's secretary, his wife, even the player himself."

I don't know that I'd go quite so far where the pros are concerned, but the scheme certainly merits consideration among amateurs. It has almost as much merit as my score-and-no-score systems. But, in any case, for the next several weekends, let's all play bedroom golf!



There wasn't any when he wrote the check, but what difference did it make, now that she had been bedded

Money in the Bank

by MARTIN COURTNEY

LEONARD POPPED the question quite casually, as he and the incredibly gorgeous Sandy strolled slowly down Fifth Avenue toward the Stork Club. He managed it with beautifully casual off-the-cuff nonchalance as they came abreast of the show-window of one of the world's most fabulous furriers.

"Sandy," he said, deliberately pausing to let her receive the full impact from the magnificent pelts draped over the dummies on parade, "there's something I most desperately want to ask you."

"Go ahead," she replied in her throaty, husky voice that was the despair of all but the wealthiest wolves in Manhattan. If there was a guarded reserve in her ice-blue eyes, it in no way detracted from her sublime magnetism.

"If I asked you to go inside with me and pick out any coat you want, would you be insulted?"

The cool blue eyes regarded Leonard in slow, slender speculation. Then she said, "On the contrary, Leonard, I'd think you were a darling."

"Let's go," he said, leading the way

She apparently already had marked out a coat she wanted, for she wasted little time looking over the stock of rare furs. Her target was a sable cape lined with albino mink, for which the price tag was a mere $32,000. "Is it too much?" she asked gently, looking at Leonard with soft appeal.

"Hardly," he replied. He went into a huddle with the clerk, though carefully maintaining a tone audible to Sandra, who pretended vast disinterest.

"You'll want to check my credit of course," he said, after handing the man his wallet with identification papers.

"A mere formality," murmured the salesman. "However, since this is Friday and the banks are closed . . ."

"Monday then?" Leonard asked.

"Of course," replied the clerk.

Leonard turned to Sandra. "I hope you won't be too disappointed in this delay, Sandy, but . . ." He shrugged.

"Hardly!" said Sandra, dimpling in one of her rare smiles, "I can wait."

They drank together, they dined together, and then, quite naturally, they went to his apartment together, from which neither of them emerged until Monday morning, when Leonard left to attend to "business".

"You won't be gone long?" she asked, as exquisite at the conclusion of 72 hours of total intimacy as she had been before the conquest.

"Just a couple of hours," he assured her. "I'll be home for cocktails."

"I feel as if this really were home," she told him, pressing her nude perfection against his well-tailored banker's grey. "I don't ever want to leave. Hurry back, will you, darling?"

Fifteen minutes later, Leonard was gloating over his triumph at the bar of a fumed-oak cafe. There, a plump, absurdly prosperous young man with a red face and the name of Buck said, "Yeah, I was watching. I don't know how you did it. It takes at least two oil wells to make Sandy come across."

"We all have our little tricks," said Leonard, pluming the waxed tips of a non-existent mustache. "Well, are you going to pay off?"

"I guess I've got to," Buck replied, withdrawing a checkbook from his pocket. "This ought to keep you afloat until your uncle's estate is finally settled. Why do I have to be the sucker?"

"Because you were born that way," Leonard told him uncharitably. He accepted the check, noted that the amount was for $1,000, the sum agreed upon if he could bed Sandra without paying for it. He was whistling softly to himself as he breezed on out and strolled briskly toward Fifth Avenue. Of course, Sandra was going to be sorer than hell when she found out, as she inevitably would, but there was not a damned thing she could do about it. The incident would soon be added to the rich lore of bistro gossip concerning the eternal battle of the sexes. Sandra, the highest-priced lady in town, had been conned into surrendering for nothing by a penniless playboy. It was definitely one for the book.

He passed by the furrier's, and in his glow of self-satisfaction, decided to stop in and thank the salesman for making his double-profitable weekend possible. Until his uncle's estate was settled, he would be lucky to have $3,200, let alone $32,000, in the bank. The least he could do was apologize for any trouble he might have caused them while discovering his credit was N.G.

Rather to his surprise, the clerk greeted him with a warm smile. He said, "I hope there's nothing wrong with the coat. It's such a beautiful garment for a beautiful woman."

"Yes, indeed," said Leonard. Then, "Nothing wrong with the coat? Hardly, as far as I know. It looked beautiful Friday."

"Ah, but you should have seen it on your young lady when she tried it on this morning before taking it with her."

Leonard was thunderstruck. They had actually let Sandra have the $32,000 garment on his own credit. He had sudden visions of grim-faced detectives picking him up, of sordid courtroom proceedings and even more sordid jails. He opened his mouth to croak protest, then closed it since he could say nothing without incriminating himself.

There was only one thing to do, and he did it. When he got home, Sandra was waiting for him. She had gotten more than the ermine-lined sable coat during his absence. She had gone to her hotel and brought back some of her things, including the shimmering, near-transparent negligee that revealed, rather than covered, her beautiful curves and pearl-pink flesh.

Her lips were avid on his, her arms closed about him, and she murmured, "thank you, darling . . . thank you, thank you, *thank* you!"

He finally disentangled himself and said, "Darling, there's someting—"

"Oh!" She interrupted him and, moving like some airborne creature, gracefully brought him a yellow envelope from the table. "This came just after you left. I didn't open it, but it might be important."

Obediently, he ripped the telegram open, and read—

LAUNDERTON ESTATE SETTLED FRIDAY. HAVE WIRED YOUR LEGACY, AS REQUESTED, FOR DEPOSIT NYC BANK. FOLGER.

He all but let it flutter to the carpet as the import sank home. Then, rallying, he forced himself to respond as Sandra slithered up for some more amorous infighting. He might as well enjoy it, since he was going to have to give Buck back his check. He only hoped there was still enough in the bank to cover it.

"Thank you, darling . . . thank you, thank you, thank you," she murmured hotly.

Vanishing American...the Taxi Dancer!

SOME THIRTY years ago, well within the range of still-breathing if not still-living man, pop-blues singer Ruth Etting brought tears to countless cheeks, male and female alike, with a dirgeful ditty entitled "Ten Cents a Dance." This song, purported to be the complaint of a dance-hall doxie who let sailors and salesmen alike tramp on her tootsies and maul her tender sensibilities to music for the sum mentioned in the title.

In those days, every half-live town in America had its dance emporium, every city had them in copious quantities. The questing male, having purchased himself a roll of tickets, could walk up a flight of filthy stairs into a large firetrap where colored lights flickered and something purporting to be dance music was plowed out from a small platform by a collection of instrument-playing farmers and machinists.

There, by waving his tickets, he could have his pick of a line of palpitating dames — young, old, in between, skinny, fat, in between, blonde, brunette, redhead, in between. Having selected a partner, he could move around a roped-in dancefloor with her for the sum of ten cents a dance. This was the soul-searing plight of the female Miss Etting intoned her dirge over.

However, the hard-times weren't all on the girl's side of it — the male had his grievances, too. In the first place, the "dances" lasted from one to three minutes each, depending on the policy of the joint. Calling the average two minutes, our hero found his bankroll, not to mention his ticket-roll, reduced by a steady attrition of $3.00 for every hour he spent on the floor. If he wished to buy his partner a drink (usually soft in those prohibition days), he had to pay the same amount for her company at the bar, plus about one dollar per split for a bottle of ginger ale.

If he wanted to take a girl out of mass circulation for a spot of rowboating in the park or hotdoggery in some secluded nook, he had to pay for her entire evening before she left the floor — plus whatever the girl demanded for her company. Usually the girls that thus went out with the customers demanded plenty, too.

Thus, a client could easily kick in fifteen to fifty bucks an evening for the tawdriest sort of entertainment. Nowadays, if he is similarly inclined and can find such a place, what with dances running six for a dollar and more, and drinks sky-high, he can blow his quarterly dividend on the family A.T.&.T. stock before he's had much chance to loosen up the tendons at the backs of his knees.

Under such conditions, it is hardly surprising that the taxi-dancer should not only have become another of the tribe of vanishing Americans but should have been lamented only by Miss Etting (and more recently by Doris Day, singing the same song, in Miss Etting's film biography entitled "Love Me or Leave Me"). You can still find the taxi-dancer in the large cities, but like so many other present-day gadgets, in smaller quantity and at higher prices.

Actually, the taxi-dancer was the product of an era now about ended. She was born out of a combination of the early dance crazes, inaugurated before, during and after World War One; the ever-restless craving of wandering males for feminine companionship; and prohibition. When men had to seek their companionships outside of bar parlors, and when they wanted partners who knew the latest steps, the dancehalls sprang into being.

The taxi-dancer fared pretty well until the end of World War Two. Thanks to the depression, there were still plenty of willing girls available to make it a career after repeal brought back the saloon. In New York, during the pre-World War Two years, some of the girls actually won a sort of quasi-social acceptance as members of that strange effulgence called "cafe society". Then, during the war itself, there were plenty of men-on-the-loose in all directions to keep them going.

Since 1945, however, the taxi-dancer has been melting away like yesterday's orange ice, under a four-pronged attack that shows no signs of letting up. Starting from the bottom up, her increasingly successful rivals have been: the pickup — who can be found anywhere and offers a sporting chance of costing nothing at all; the B-girl, who haunts the saloons from coast to coast; the dance instructress, who has usurped the taxi-dancer's legitimate role, usually on a somewhat higher level; and the call girl, who, like the pickup, is legion but costs a lot more than anyone else.

Under this attack, the taxi-dancer has been deprived by up-to-date specialization of all four of her functions. The

The pickup, B-girl, dance instructress and call girl have made her a curiosity

by HENRY TRAIN

pickup has taken over her role as a ready partner for the roving male; the B-girl has taken over her role as a paid drinking partner; the dance instructress has taken over her role as a partner and teacher of new steps, and the call girl has taken over her role as occasional paid bed-partner.

It is a sign of the times, and of awareness of what has been happening, that Times Square's Roseland, the grandpappy of all taxi-dancehalls, recently underwent a complete facelifting, in the course of which its dance-for-pay girls were utterly amputated, turning the place over to already introduced couples and discreet pickups. However, Roseland is still waging a last ditch war against the extinction that has afflicted once prosperous dancehalls from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California.

When Ruth Etting sang her song, most of America's thousands of taxi-dancers were too busy making money to feel sorry for themselves. Nowadays, it looks as if they have plenty to moan the blues over. "It is not so bad," as one of them said recently, "to have your days numbered . . . but when your dollars are numbered, too, it's a whole lot worse!"

Just this once, he would sneak out of his convention-bound life and take this taunting, sensual young animal

NO ONE WILL KNOW

by JAY EDMOND

THEY WERE round-shouldered jackals, young and lean in tight T-shirts and choking dungarees that rode low on their hips, and they stared out of sharp, suspicious eyes at the intruding gabardine business suit. Keith Middleton shrank from the rim of their dance floor to the darkness near the Coke stand. He had decided they took him to be a policeman and he offered one of them a forced grin, but the boy's animal face did not soften.

Keith regretted now that he had surrendered to the impulse to venture into the dance hall. In a few moments, when it did not look as though they had frightened him away, he would walk out. But for the moment he tried to concentrate on the stabbing blare of the band across the floor and on the intense jostling of the kids.

For one thing, he was vaguely drunk, having downed several belts of his own booze with a bar-owner customer in Corona Del Mar. It was this warm buzz, he recognized, that had prompted him to stop off in Balboa in the first place, seeing the thick invasion of the hip-switching, full-sweatered teenaged girls and the packs of boys on their annual spring vacation rampage and hearing from his car

— *turn the page*

He heard the cries of the girl and felt the smash of the first blow.

NO ONE, *from page 22*

the raucous dance music. Nora wouldn't be expecting him in their Newport Heights home for a couple of hours yet and Skip, who was not quite five, would already be asleep, wearing his football helmet. So there had been no compulsion to rush home.

Keith's attention settled on the young girl in black skirt and dangling gold earrings who worked her body in exaggerated spasms as she rocked with a cold-faced boy in sideburns. Across the back of the boy's jacket was emblazoned: ALLEY CATS, SAN BERDOO. Keith found himself unable to break his gaze from the girl's flashing white calves and tight-sheathed firm, little buttocks. She wore gold strap sandals, a sleeveless white blouse with the top three buttons undone and a wide, patent leather belt. Her thin, red-mouthed face was fixed with a young pagan's abandon.

God damn it, Keith thought, he should fight getting loaded when he became sociable with the customers who bought his liquor. It always had an aphrodisiacal effect. And poor, pregnant Nora, who complained that she didn't feel like a woman these days, was carrying around too much belly to do anything about it. Although she sympathized.

To give his hands something to do, Keith bought a Coke and leaned against the soft drink stand, trying desperately to look friendly, while the pairs trampled the shadowed floor. But he could not destroy his fear that the boys all packed switchblade knives and that before long one of them would brush against him hard to discover what he'd do about it. He saw their bizarre haircuts and their angry, thin mouths and tried to recall whether the tough ones had looked like that when he was in high school. And he struggled to remember whether the girls of his adolescence made this brazen display of their sex potential, thrusting breasts and pressing their bodies against the boys. He supposed the speedier ones might have.

A sense of guilt worked at him because he had dallied here rather than driving straight home to Nora. So he argued with himself that a man had a right to get slightly tight once in a while and listen to a little music.

The short-haired girl in the black skirt had become the center of fascination for a small circle. She pretended not to notice, giving herself to loose-limbed swaying, holding her bare arms over her head and grinding her hips to the rhythm. Overdoing it — like a carnival show beginner. Her wide mouth was open and her eyes were shut as though struggling toward a climax. The ALLEY CAT jacket boy spun her back and forth, to him and away from him and back again — so that their stomachs pressed. And he never allowed his face to drop its cool and sullen look. The circle around them beat at the floor with crepe soles and slapped hands and murmured, "Go, go, go . . . "

Keith guessed the girl could be no more than 17. It was obscene and terrifying, and yet he could not look away as her body convulsed and quivered and as she let the tip of her tongue flick in her mouth. The floor-stomping mounted relentlessly. The girl's rump rolled and jerked beneath the skin-clinging skirt. And, while Keith looked, a balding man walked from the doorway, felt through the onwatchers and put a youth-counselor kind of hand on the shoulder of the ALLEY CAT jacket. "Okay, kids," the man said easily, "what d'ya say we cool it down."

The boy shook the hand off savagely and turned, glaring. "Who the frig are *you,* Daddy?"

Keith saw the brightly decorated backs of other jackets and the duck-tailed haircuts as the circle pressed in on the man. The thought of being too close frightened him and he decided he'd better get out of there.

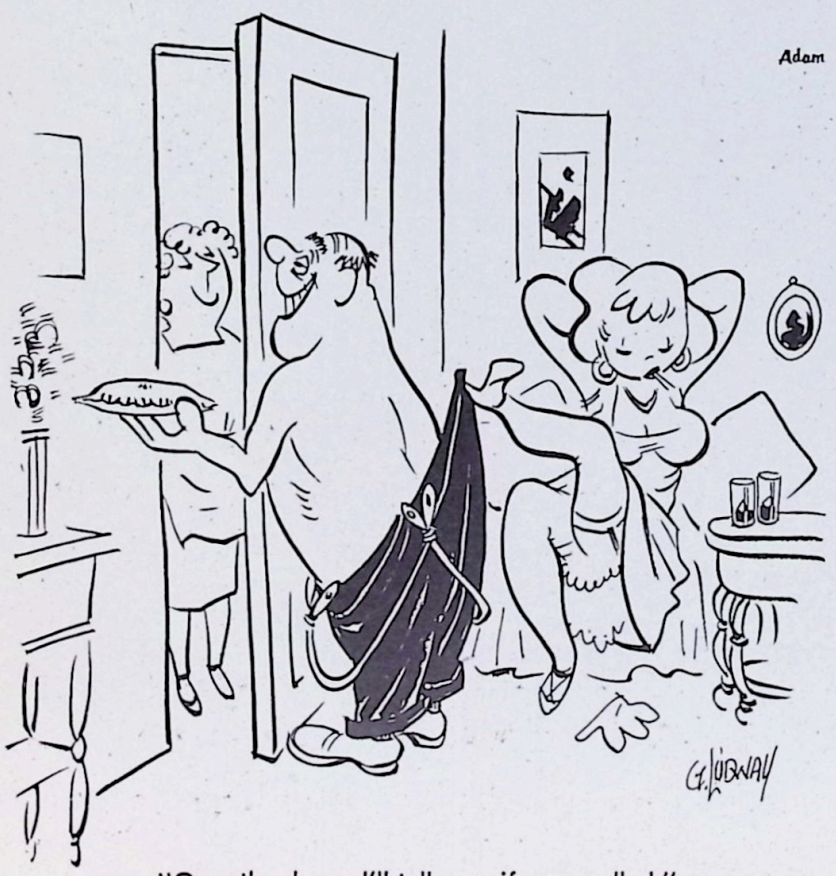
But as he moved to leave, he saw that the girl in the gold earrings and the black skirt, having somehow fled from the center of the tangle of dungarees and jackets, was standing near him. She touched red fingernails at her short, brownish hair and her eyes darted one direction and then another uncertainly.

Because not one of the toughs had time to look at him for the moment and because he was sharing her embarrassment, Keith smiled hesitantly at her. She stared at him, then looked away, leaving him to feel idiotic and ridiculous. But then, seeing no one else, she returned his smile. He was committed now, so he set his Coke bottle on the counter and walked over to her as she made a pretense of tightening an earring. For the first time he noticed that she was agitating a lump of gum in her mouth.

The band at the far end of the hall was still pounding away, deafening, unaware that most of its audience was jamming the knot around the dispute. Keith saw that the rest of the floor was nearly deserted and could think of nothing other than to ask the girl, "Would you like to dance?"

She didn't appear to notice his self-consciousness and came into his awkward arms quickly. He stumbled a little getting started across the floor. But then he found her leading him stiffly away from the area.

Her face was not as pretty, he saw now, as it had appeared from several feet away in the dim illumination. She had thin, country-kid features and the



"Gee, thanks — I'll tell my wife you called."

eyelashes were too long to be natural. Her heavily painted mouth continued to work desperately at the gum. The slender body, which had been so supple and alive against her scowling boy friend, now was tense against his hands and she stayed out away from him, not touching him any more than necessary. She did not smile or talk to him, but kept stretching her glance over his shoulder at the pack clustered around the ALLEY CAT jacket and the bald-headed doorman.

Keith's attempt to dance was a tangle-footed disaster and for the first time he realized that at thirty-three he was an old man. The Balboa, in a rock-and-roll era, was as serviceable as the minuet. It was only when he fell completely out of step and his own clumsiness forced him to stop dead that the girl gave any notice. He told her, "It's been a long time, I guess." Smiling an apology and feeling like a timid cocker spaniel.

Her look was thin and uncertain. "That's okay. Look, uh, I think I better disappear." She threw another apprehensive glance at the boisterous argument and started to walk away from him.

He moved with her, aware that he should be relieved, but reluctant to lose her so quickly. "Maybe I could buy you a Coke. I mean, if your boy friend won't mind." He was a little tight, he told himself, or he wouldn't be doing this.

"He's just a guy," she said, still walking.

"Then let me take you out for a Coke."

She stopped and took a better look at him. "Sure," she said after a second. "I guess so. If you want."

There was a tremor of excitement in him, of the sort he remembered experiencing in high school the first time he had ever screwed up enough nerve to ask a girl for a date and she had said yes.

"Look," this one said, "I've got to get my purse from my girl friend, okay?"

"Okay." And following her, he started to slip off his wedding ring, hesitated with shame, then suddenly pulled it from his finger and dropped it into his pocket.

The girl friend turned out to be a round-faced blonde in a yellow sweater that almost certainly was partially stuffed with foam rubber. She was sitting in a chair back from the edge of the dance floor and she kept nodding and saying, "Sure, kid," all the while regarding Keith with interest. The brown-haired girl took her small, black suede purse and walked toward the main door, looking back just once at the police officer who was moving in to scatter the couples away from the rising argument. Keith tagged after her, conscious that the switching of her hips was a studied effect. The tubby little ticket taker, who had substituted at the door for the bald-headed man, stamped the backs of their hands with luminous ink as pass-out checks. His sweaty look went from Keith to the teenaged girl and back again, but he said nothing.

On the sidewalk, they stood uncertainly for a few moments. Keith was desperate to get out of the brightly lighted spot at the ballroom entrance. There were some kids loafing around down the block and he looked them over quickly to make certain none of them was from his neighborhood.

Because he regretted now suggesting a Coke — which would mean a populated beach front joint where someone would see them — he put his hand tentatively at the girl's back and guided her into darkness. From across the sand came the throaty hammering of the surf. The girl, clearly, was as anxious as he to get away from the dance hall and she walked with him along the beach front, swinging her purse in one hand and remembering to keep her hips working. "Look," she said abruptly, "you got a cigaret?"

He hesitated, then pulled his pack from the breast pocket of his suit. It was accepted for teenagers to be smoking these days, wasn't it? No one thought anything of it. He lighted hers, then one for himself, making an effort to keep her from seeing that his hand shook a little. She held the cigaret in an affected fashion, at shoulder-height with her fingers slightly curved. She had a habit of tossing her head now and then and the earrings jangled. She was visibly more at ease, even if Keith wasn't. She looked over his face and they resumed walking. 'I'm drunk,' Keith thought, 'and here I am with a girl.' To disguise his nervousness, he pressured her back a little and felt her respond by walking closer to him.

"Look," she said, "my name's Catherine, but the kids all call me Kit." She giggled lightly. "I'll bet fifty dollars you're going to tell me you're Bob Smith or something like that." Now and then she let their bodies touch. Her perfume was heavy around them.

He managed a laugh. "I wouldn't tell you anything like that." He felt around for a name, finding one that had attracted him in a men's magazine story. "Mike Taggert," he told her. The sound of the name made him stiffen his back a little and he wished that, like Mike Taggert, he weighed a couple of hundred pounds and was six feet two inches tall.

The girl named Kit tilted her head, showed the tip of her tongue and studied his face. He sensed that she did not know whether to believe him.

— turn to page 58

"— care to slip into something for size?"

Pick the best in the west? What a spot to be in! You try it!

Striporama Zomba!

OH, ADAM, what a night! They said it couldn't be done, and before Charlie Murray, manager of the Zomba Club was finished, he almost believed them.

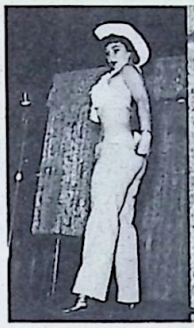
But he did it! Before he was finished he had gathered 28 of the rippingest, strippingest, hot tamales in the Burly-Q business for the First Annual Western Strip Convention at Nelle Shannon's Zomba Club on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley.

"What a job!" he moaned to ADAM. "Just getting all those broads together under one roof for the contest! I never want to go through that again!"

Murray has been in the burlesque business a heck of a long time, and, therefore, knows whereof he speaks. He had to beg, borrow, steal and cajole

1 Stacey Farrell! Man, what a tan!

2 Daurene Dare! Brought her own couch!



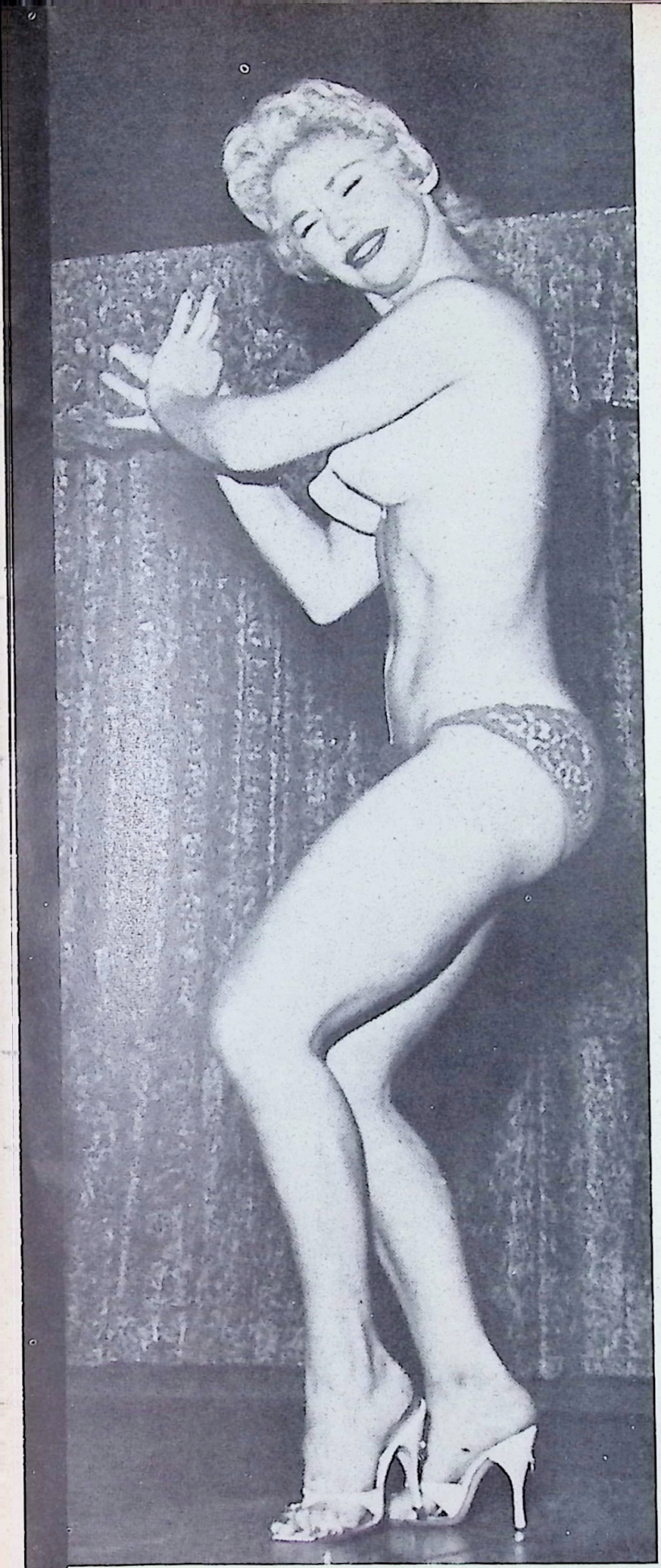
3 Terry! **2** Daurene! **1** Stacey!

The judges — lucky characters! Bill Bush of the "Valley Times", Tommy Kittering of the "Mirror", Bob Currie of the "Herald-Express".

3 Terry O'Shay! The cowgirl strip!

4 Chile Bon Bon! Go, man, gone!

5 Robbin Jewell! Wild and original!



6 Jodi Shaw! "Walkin' My Baby . . . !"

This was a night to remember, and now you're part of it

the top performers of the ecdysiast's art from clubs and theaters all over the west, then talk them into risking their reputations in the hottest undress run-off since Salome shucked the seventh veil.

"But it was worth it," Charlie adds. "What a turnout! What a convention! What girls!"

What girls, indeed!

Picture the hysteria of a political convention hall in the excitement of a presidential year, and you'll get some small idea of what happened at Striporama Zomba on the final night with the field narrowed to six.

Get this . . . !

You walk into a smoke-filled room, and you follow the waitress closely. (Naturally you don't want to lose your way and maybe wander into the dressing rooms by mistake.)

And then — there you *are!* The central table, the table of honor at the head of the runway. You order your drink, light your 75c Corona-Corona-Corona-Corona, and accept the just plaudits of the crowd. For they're yelling, screaming, banging and, of course, it's for — what are they *saying?*

"Bring on da goils!"

And so, with another almost imperceptible nod toward the podium, the music maestro — maestrozinger — zingingmeister — conzertmeister — band conductor . . . Oh, the hell with it! — *you* know, Joe, the Second Trumpet player — gives the beat, the orchestra let's 'er rip, and you're off.

ADAM was there, and knows who copped the crown.

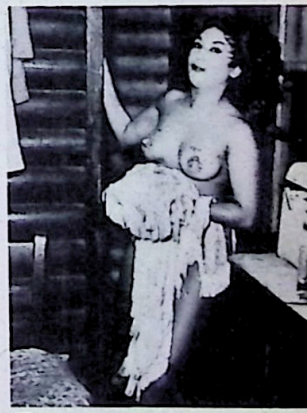
Now, all things are as they were on that historic occasion — the people, the place, the date, *only . . .*

You are there!

Make your pick of the winner, then turn to page 55 and see how you made out.

2 Daureen gets ready!

1 Stacey! Man, what a tan!



4 Chile's bushed!

MURDERER,
from page 6

Convenient for my office, so when I'm in the field with my radio car there's no moment when I'm not in touch. In *touch! There's* a slimy phrase. Touch, hell. *Gripped!* Pawed, rather. Mauled and massaged and pounded by FM voices. You can't leave your car without checking in: 'Have stopped to visit gas-station men's room.' 'Okay, Brock, step on it!' 'Brock, what *took* you so long?' 'Sorry, sir.' 'Watch it next time, Brock.' *'Yes, Sir!'* So, do you know what I did. Doctor? I bought a quart of French chocolate ice cream and spooned it into the car radio transmitter."

"Was there any *special* reason for selecting French chocolate ice cream to spoon into the broadcasting unit?"

Brock thought about it and smiled. "It's my favorite flavor."

"Oh," said the doctor.

"I figured, hell, what's good enough for me is good enough for the radio transmitter."

"What made you think of spooning *ice cream* into the radio?"

"It was a hot day."

The doctor paused.

"And what happened next?"

"Silence happened next. God, it was *beautiful*. That car radio cackling all day, Brock go here, Brock go there, Brock check in, Brock check out, okay Brock, hour lunch, Brock, lunch over, Brock, Brock, Brock. Well, that silence was like putting ice cream in my ears."

"You seem to like ice cream a lot."

"I just rode around feeling of the silence. It's a big bolt of the nicest, softest flannel ever made. Silence. A whole hour of it. I just sat in my car; smiling, feeling of that flannel with my ears. I felt *drunk* with Freedom!"

"Go on."

"Then I got the idea of the portable diathermy machine. I rented one, took it on the bus going home that night. There sat all the tired commuters with their wrist radios, talking to their wives, saying, 'Now I'm at Forty-third, now I'm at Forty-fourth, here I am at Forty-ninth, now turning at Sixty-first.' One husband cursing, 'Well, get *out* of that bar, damn it, and get home and get dinner started, I'm at Seventieth!' And the transit-system radio playing 'Tales from the Vienna Woods,' a canary singing words about a first-rate wheat cereal. Then — I switched on my diathermy! Static! Interference! All wives cut off from husbands grousing about a hard day at the office. All husbands cut off from wives who had just seen their children break a window! The 'Vienna Woods' chopped down, the canary mangled! *Silence!* A terrible, unexpected silence. The bus inhabitants faced with having to converse with each other. Panic! Sheer, animal panic!"

"The police seized you?"

"The bus *had* to stop. After all, the music *was* being scrambled, husbands and wives *were* out of touch with reality. Pandemonium, riot, and chaos. Squirrels chattering in cages! A trouble unit arrived, triangulated on me instantly, had me reprimanded, fined, and home, minus my diathermy machine, in jig time."

"Mr. Brock, may I suggest that so far your whole pattern here is not very —practical? If you didn't like transit radios or office radios or car business radios, why didn't you join a fraternity of radio haters, start petitions, get legal and constitutional rulings? After all, this *is* a democracy."

"And I," said Brock, "am that thing called a minority. I *did* join fraternities, picket, pass petitions, take it to court. Year after year I protested. Everyone laughed. Everyone else *loved* bus radios and commercials. *I* was out of step."

"Then you should have taken it like a good soldier, don't you think? The majority rules."

"But they went too far. If a little music and 'keeping in touch' was charming, they figured a lot would be ten times as charming. I went *wild!* I got home to find my wife hysterical. *Why?* Because she had been completely out of touch with me for half a day. Remember, I did a dance on my wrist radio? Well, that night I laid plans to murder my house."

"Are you *sure* that's how you want me to write it down?"

"That's semantically accurate. Kill it dead. It's one of those talking, singing, humming, weather-reporting, poetry-reading, novel-reciting, jingle-jangling, rockaby-crooning-when-you-go-to-bed houses. A house that screams opera to you in the shower and teaches you Spanish in your sleep. One of those blathering caves where all kinds of electronic Oracles make you feel a trifle larger than a thimble, with stoves that say, 'I'm apricot pie, and I'm *done,*' or 'I'm prime roast beef, so *baste* me!' and other nursery gibberish like that. With beds that rock you to sleep and *shake* you awake. A house that *barely* tolerates humans, I tell you. A front door that barks: 'You've mud on your feet, sir!' And an electronic vacuum hound that snuffles around after you from room to room, inhaling every fingernail or ash you drop. Jesus God, *I* say, Jesus God!"

"Quietly," suggested the psychiatrist.

"Remember that Gilbert and Sullivan song—'I've Got It on My List, It Never Will Be Missed'? All night I listed grievances. Next morning early I bought a pistol. I *purposely* muddied my feet. I stood at our front door. The front door shrilled, 'Dirty feet, muddy feet! Wipe your feet! Please be *neat!*'

"Take off your clothes . . . take off your clothes, goodness, can't you forget you're a doctor and enjoy yourself for one evening?"

I shot the damn thing in its keyhole. I ran to the kitchen, where the stove was just whining, 'Turn me *over!*' In the middle of a mechanical omelet I did the stove to death. Oh, how it sizzled and screamed, 'I'm *shorted!*' Then the telephone rang like a spoiled brat. I shoved it down the Insinkerator. I must state here and now I have *nothing* whatever against the Insinkerator; it was an innocent bystander. I feel sorry for it now, a practical device indeed, which never said a word, purred like a sleepy lion most of the time, and digested our leftovers. I'll have it restored. Then I went in and shot the televisor, that insidious beast, that Medusa, which freezes a billion people to stone every night, staring fixedly, that Siren which called and sang and promised so much and gave, after all, so little, but myself always going back, going back, hoping and waiting until —bang! Like a headless turkey, gobbling, my wife whooped out the front door. The police came. Here I *am!*"

He sat back happily and lit a cigaret.

"And did you realize, in committing these crimes, that the wrist radio, the broadcasting transmitter, the phone, the bus radio, the office intercoms, all were rented or were someone else's property?"

"I would do it all over again, so help me God."

The psychiatrist sat there in the sunshine of that beatific smile.

"You don't want any further help from the Office of Mental Health? You're ready to take the consequences?"

"This is only the beginning," said Mr. Brock. "I'm the vanguard of the small public which is tired of noise and being taken advantage of and pushed around and yelled at, every moment music, every moment in touch with some voice somewhere, do this, do that, quick, quick, now here, now there. You'll see. The revolt begins. My name will go down in history!"

"Mmm." The psychiatrist seemed to be thinking.

"It'll take time, of course. It was all so enchanting at first. The very *idea* of these things, the practical uses, was wonderful. They were almost toys, to be played with, but the people got too involved, went too far, and got wrapped up in a pattern of social behavior and couldn't get out, couldn't admit they were *in,* even. So they rationalized their nerves as something else. 'Our modern age,' they said. 'Conditions,' they said. 'High-strung,' they said. But mark my words, the seed has been sown. I got world-wide coverage on TV, radio, films; *there's* an irony for you. That was five days ago. A billion people know about me. Check your financial columns. Any day now. Maybe today. Watch for a sudden spurt, a rise in sales for French chocolate ice cream!"

"I see," said the psychiatrist.

"Can I go back to my nice private cell now, where I can be alone and quiet for six months?"

"Yes," said the psychiatrist quietly.

"Don't worry about me," said Mr. Brock, rising. "I'm just going to sit around for a long time stuffing that nice soft bolt of quiet material in both ears."

"Mmm," said the psychiatrist, going to the door.

"Cheers," said Mr. Brock.

"Yes," said the psychiatrist.

He pressed a code signal on a hidden button, the door opened, he stepped out, the door shut and locked. Alone, he moved in the offices and corridors. The first twenty yards of his walk were accompanied by "Tambourine Chinois." Then it was "Tzigane," Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue in something Minor, "Tiger Rag," "Love Is Like a Cigarette." He took his broken wrist radio from his pocket like a dead praying mantis. He turned it in at his office. A bell sounded; a voice came out of the ceiling, "Doctor?"

"Just finished with Brock," said the psychiatrist.

"Diagnosis?"

"Seems completely disorientated, but convivial. Refuses to accept the simplest realities of his environment and work *with* them."

"Prognosis?"

"Indefinite. Left him enjoying a piece of invisible material."

Three phones rang. A duplicate wrist radio in his desk drawer buzzed like a wounded grasshopper. The intercom flashed a pink light and clickclicked. Three phones rang. The drawer buzzed. Music blew in through the open door. The psychiatrist, humming quietly, fitted the new wrist radio to his wrist, flipped the intercom, talked a moment, picked up one telephone, talked, picked up another telephone, talked, picked up the third telephone, talked, touched the wrist-radio button, talked calmly and quietly, his face cool and serene, in the middle of the music and the lights flashing, the two phones ringing again, and his hands moving, and his wrist radio buzzing, and the intercoms talking, and voices speaking from the ceiling. And he went on quietly this way through the remainder of a cool, air-conditioned, and long afternoon; telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio . . .

Reprinted from "Golden Apples of the Sun", published by Doubleday and Co.

NEW HAIR GREW ON MY BALD HEAD

believe it or not

SEE PAGE 50

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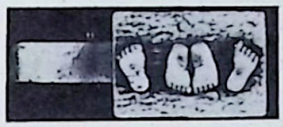

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MISTRESS,
from page 15

frigidity. She tried everything known to medicine and charlatanery at the time to cure her failing. Once, when discovered practically starving on an outrageous prescribed diet of celery, truffles and vanilla, she admitted to a friend, "I'm terrified of not pleasing the King any more, and of losing him. You know, men attach a great deal of value to some things, and I, alas for myself, am very cold by nature. I hoped to warm myself up with a diet to heat the blood, and then I'm taking an elixir that seems to be doing me some good."

The friend took one look at the bottle and tossed it into the fire. Jeanne-Antoinette, now the Marquise de Pompadour by grace of her regal lover, burst into tears and admitted that her panic was the result of a warm night shortly before when Louis had risen well before dawn, complaining of the heat, and passed the rest of the night alone on her sofa. Being the King's mistress was not wholly a bed of innerspring roses!

Nor was her great worry without cause, for her Louis was both a King, which made him a law unto himself, and a Bourbon, which meant he expected sexual intercourse several times a day except when he was out campaigning with his armies. No one woman could have satisfied him sexually for long. It was only emotionally that he liked stability.

Pompadour was well aware of his instincts and infidelities, of course, and, while she had nothing directly to do with the establishment of the notorious Deer Park, a small establishment in a secluded woodland glen close to Versailles, where the King was accustomed to keep his lesser mistresses for sex purposes only, it is probable that she greeted its establishment tolerantly if not with open relief. She preferred his satisfying his physical appetites on peasants, seamstresses and whores rather than an intriguing court rival. In her own words, repeatedly, "It's his heart I want, rather than constancy."

When a well-born court beauty did break through the Pompadour Line and reach the King's bedroom, as did the Marquise de Coislin in 1755 and as Madame Dubarry was to do after Jeanne-Antoinette's death nine years later, she was still drily amusing, if not amused, about the results.

According to her maid, the Pompadour returned from a reception in a mild fury, hurling her muff away and said of de Coislin, "I never saw such insolence. I was playing cards with her this evening, and you cannot imagine how I suffered! With everybody watching, she said two or three times, looking at me, 'I'll take the lot.' I thought I'd faint when she cried, 'I have a hand full of kings'."

"And the King?" asked the maid. "What of him? How did he take it?"

"You don't know the King, my dear," replied the Pompadour. "If he was planning to put her in my bedroom this very night, he'd still be cold to her and friendly to me in public. That's how he was brought up, for, by nature, he's frank and good."

Like all the others, de Coislin overplayed her hand in bed, behaving so outrageously that Louis, who expected a lady to act like a lady and not like a whore, threw her out in a hurry. However, de Coislin was to live for 100 years, and got her revenge by convincing whole generations of French society that *she* had been Louis XV's true and only great love! Sometimes, if you can't beat them, you can outlive them!

However, save for his rather unusual relationships, both with the Queen and with the Pompadour, whom he ultimately made a duchess. Louis XV was no one-man woman. The Deer Park was needed and served its purpose, enabling him to work off the Bourbon itch. Previous to its founding, he had kept his stable of lower-case girls in a group of attic rooms at Versailles itself. This, while convenient, caused embarrassing gossip, which was why the Deer Park was created.

Outside of her own inability to satisfy Louis' sexual needs, a factor in Jeanne-Antoinette's complaisance toward tthe Deer Park may have been an occasion when the King suffered some sort of unnamed attack while actually in bed with her. A discreet court physician, Dr. Quesnay, was summoned, and Louis pulled through, but the Pompadour was terrified at what might have happened had her lover actually died there.

Despite her years, however, Jeanne-Antoinette, abetted by her brother, became the ablest, most efficient, most inspiring patron of the arts and architecture that any country has ever known. A great deal of the taste and smartness that has brought France uncounted billions in the fashion industry and the arts must be credited to her superb flair and organizational ability.

And she remained loyal, sometimes foolishly, to all who served her well or who contributed color to the gay pageant of the kingdom.

On one occasion, when she learned that her former tutor, Crebillon, was virtually starving in a small house, unable to feed the dogs he adored, she arranged for him a liberal pension and a job tutoring her own daughter Alexandrine, as well as to have an edition of his collected writings published and backed by her enormous prestige. When he came to Versailles to thank her, the Pompadour was sick in bed but had him admitted. He bent over her to kiss her hand just as the king came breezing in from the "secret" stairs.

With a dramatic gesture, the old scholar cried, "Madame, I am ruined! The King has caught us together!"

When he stopped laughing, Louis was so enchanted by the old man's clowning that he produced one of Crebillon's plays at the Comedie-Francaise, a reward which made Voltaire so jealous that he wrote his own classic "Semiramis" out of sheer frustration.

Meanwhile, Europe was drifting into a world conflict that was to be known as the Seven Years War. So completely did Louis rely on his Royal Mistress that she became virtually his unofficial minister of state — as a result of which she has popularly been accused both of starting and losing that ghastly struggle for France.

She made mistakes — bad ones — since she was untrained for the job. Yet she was virtually the only person the King *could* rely on, as his trusted ministers and marshals proved to be either hopelessly incompetent or, like his old friend and comrade the Duc de Richelieu, sold out to the English and Prussians at the cost of French lives.

France lost much of India and all of Canada in the war that dragged on and on, consuming lives and treasure. Yet the attitude of the court continued cynical. "We love our defeats," explained one courtier. "They make such wonderful jokes."

Only the King, Jeanne-Antoinette and the King's adored little daughter, Princess Adelaide, seem to have been imbued with any spirit of patriotism among the Versailles folk. Little Adelaide, aged 11, was caught trying to run away from the palace grounds with a purse full of gold coins. Brought back and questioned by her father, she exclaimed vehemently, "I am going to make the English milords sleep with me in turns, which they will be honored to do, and bring their heads to you, Papa."

Pompadour gave lavishly of her jewels ("I have never cared for diamonds"), sold her fabulous houses and chateaux and her collection of

great works of art. She toiled night and day, seven days a week, seeking first to help the King prosecute the war successfully, then to arrange a peace with honor for France. Perhaps, she threw herself into the task so passionately because of the death of her adored little girl, Alexandrine, in 1754, when the little 10-year-old fell prey to convulsions that were probably caused by a ruptured appendix — then beyond the power of any physician or surgeon to heal.

She did her best to take up religion seriously, though she never did manage quite to get the hang of it, and even had the famous "secret" staircase walled up for a while (Louis simply used another). The big blow, following Rossbach and Minden, came at Crefelt, when the French were disastrously defeated by the Prussians.

But, for Jeanne-Antoinette, the gay times were over. When the war at last ended, in 1763, she was over 40 and, while still a fascinating woman, no longer a beauty. Furthermore, the appalling strain under which she had lived for almost two decades had taken full toll of her never-too-strong body. She considered retiring from Versailles to a secluded chateau and once remarked, with her undiminished wit, "My life is like that of an early Christian . . . perpetual combat."

The King, ever a Bourbon, had a child by a charming new mistress, Mlle. Romains, daughter of a Grenoble lawyer, and Madame Dubarry was in the immediate offing. The worn-out Jeanne-Antoinette wept easily and frequently and ultimately took refuge in Choisy, where she fell ill of what seems to have been a cerebral hemorrhage. When Louis heard of this, he at once had her brought back to her palatial palace rooms at Versailles, although she dreaded the damp and cold of that magnificent labyrinth and remarked, "This winter is cruel to me."

It was Palm Sunday in April, 1764, when Jeanne-Antoinette, having made her will as precisely, thoughtfully and intelligently as she did everything else, said farewell to the King and had him summon a priest, having dismissed a little group of her faithful friends and servants with the words, "It is coming now, my friends. I think you had better leave." And then, later, to the priest, who was about to leave the room, "One moment, we'll go together."

She was buried, in a most unseasonable freezing storm. The King watched the funeral procession from a balcony, without coat or hat. He was weeping. He and France had lost a great and good friend.

She threw everything she had on the play of the wheel

The Run

by H. H. GENTILE

SONYA WAS YOUNG, she was beautiful, and she was wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. She was also losing steadily at the roulette table. She was playing cannily enough, pushing her stacks of costly counters onto the numbers and lettered squares and rectangles with which the bright green cloth was marked. Only the slightest of frowns marred the smooth, sensitive perfection of her features as the wheel continued to roll against her plays.

Finally, when a third successive double zero cleaned her out, she fingered the diamond bracelet that spanned four inches of lovely forearm, tossed back her shoulder-length beaver-brown hair and turned inquiring eyes toward the tall, dark, good-looking young man who stood at her elbow.

"Should I, darling?" she asked.

He hesitated, appeared about to shake his head when, with a swift, graceful gesture, she unclasped the glittering bracelet and thrust it into his reluctant hands. "After all," she said softly, "it's for charity. Besides, I want to prove how lucky in love I am."

"There's such a thing as giving until it hurts too much," said the tall young man, obviously concerned.

"Nonsense!" She laughed and tossed it to the croupier, who examined it briefly, then pushed a stack of markers her way with his rake. She began placing some of them, remarking to her companion, "No one can keep on being *this* unlucky."

Less than ten minutes later, her chips were gone, and she turned from the table, unjeweled but smiling with a deep inner happiness that seemed to find an answering joy in the jaded faces of the other men and women engaged in the game. It was a large, very social affair, held in a penthouse high above New York's East River, with the proceeds marked for a fashionable hospital.

The handsome young man berated her all the way home to her apartment, further up-town, until she silenced him with a kiss. When he could speak, he said, "I know you can afford it, sugar, but — "

"But I can't afford it," she told him with curious lack of concern. "I've been hocking my jewels for months. The bracelet was the last sizeable item left." Her slim, soft arms went around his neck, her face again came close to his. "But how can I be broke, darling, when I still have you?"

"I should have stopped you, sugar," he said unhappily. "I should never have taken you there tonight."

"I'd rather have died than missed it," she informed him. "I'm glad it's all gone. Living a secret like that was the same as living a lie. And I'm no liar, darling. Tell me you love me, broke, just as much as when you thought I was still rich."

"Don't laugh, sugar," he replied. "I love you even more. But I wish I had known the truth. I could have taken steps to — "

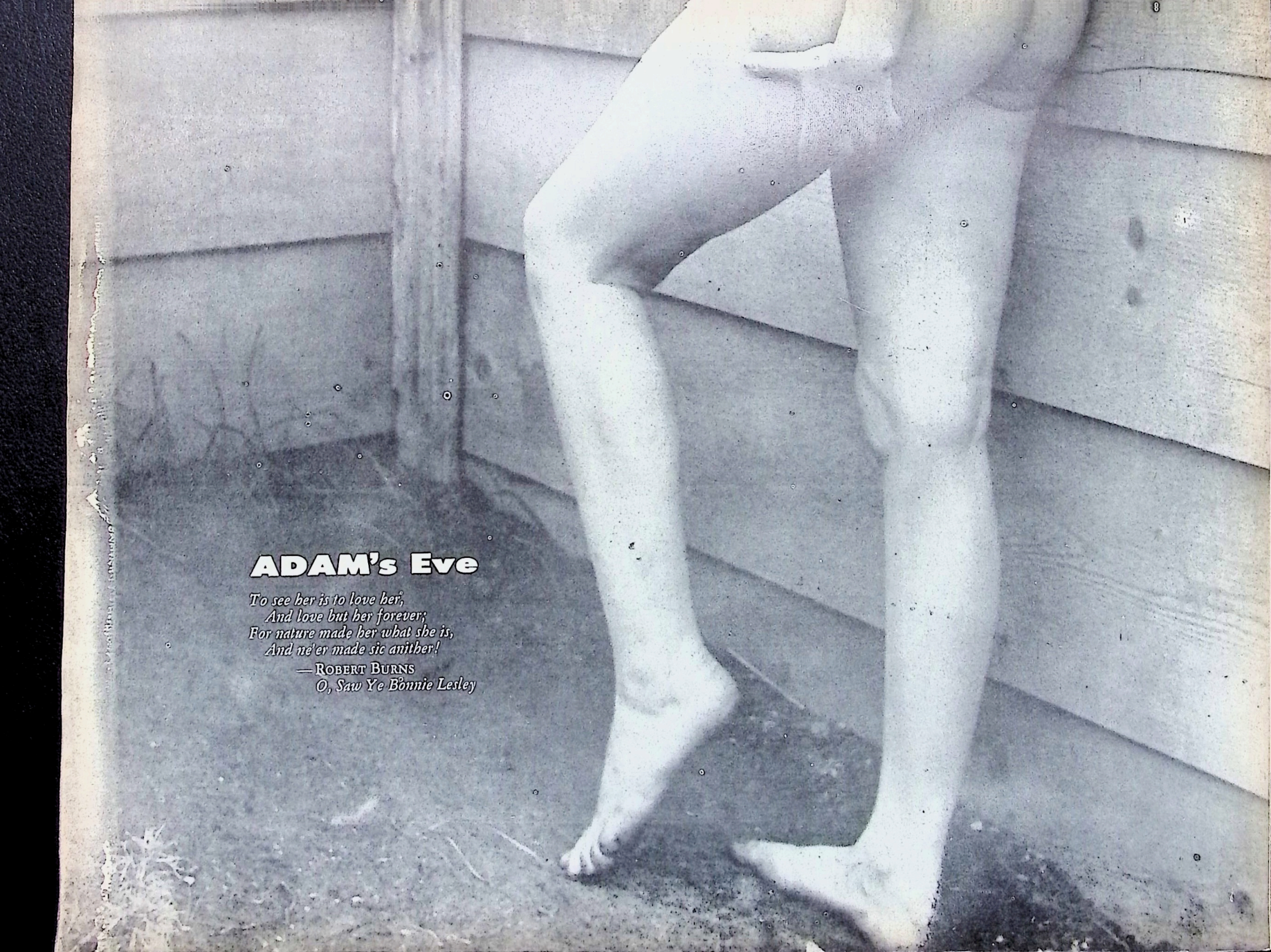
"Phooey!" she exclaimed inelegantly, leaning forward to nibble on his ear. "Just kiss me — kiss me, and hold me tight." Then, after a few busy, delightful seconds, "Tonight I want you to come in with me."

Stunned, he followed her into her chic, smart apartment to the bedroom, where she flung herself again into his arms.

"Don't leave now, darling," she whispered urgently when he rose, an hour later. "Stay here forever."

"One of us has to be practical, sugar," he told her gently, reaching for his shirt.

Riding downtown he thought he'd have liked to have stayed — but he couldn't afford not to be in the divvy-up session when they split the loot gained from the night's crooked game. It had been a major killing, with the girl he had just left the major target and victim of the crooked wheel. *Honor among thieves!* he though bitterly. He had to get his cut. Besides, if the boys ever found out he stayed with a trimmed sucker, they'd never let him live it down.



ADAM's Eve

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

—Robert Burns
O, Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley

"For God's sake, Jumbo, are you going to stand up all night?" she asked.

He could crack through the line but not through the girl's icy reserve

Autumn for Peter

by HERNDON SMITH

"BEER BARREL" JONES, white mop-up cloth in hand, squinted at Peter van Haick over the twin half-globes of his fat cheeks and shook his head. He said, "You had enough, Peter. I ain't gonna give you another."

Peter, whose six-and-a-half-foot, 283-pound frame was perched precariously on a bar-stool, regarded the bartender incredulously. Then, turning to owl-eyed, bespectacled Paddy Gregory, who sat propped angularly between stool, brass rail, bar and floor, he said mildly, "Did you hear what old Blubberpot said, Paddy? He ain't gonna give us no more."

Paddy, whose pop-eyes were as glassy as the lenses that covered them, looked blankly at his emperor-size companion and hiccuped loudly. Shrugging oxlike shoulders, Peter returned his attention to Beer Barrel Jones and said politely, "Why won't you serve us another drink, Blubberpot?"

Jones sighed and mopped vigorously at an imaginary spot on the mahogany bar. Without looking up, he said, "Because, if Buck Willman finds out I been feeding you booze on the eve of the Harker game, he'll have my license. Besides, I got a bill down on Alden tomorrow."

The series of deep frustrations that had driven Alden's gigantic fullback to drink on a late-season Friday night welled up within him and seemed to burst resoundingly inside the gigantic melon of his skull. "Okay," he said, "if that's the way you want it, Blubberpot."

He extended a treetrunk left arm, picked up the chrome-and-leather stool on his left and casually made a pretzel of it over his knee before tossing it carelessly away. It caromed off the end of a booth and crashed to the floor. "Fill her up," he said, pushing his extra-large glass across the bar.

"Chrissakes! You wanna ruin me?" said Beer Barrel. But he put fresh ice in the big tumbler, then poured six ounces of bonded bourbon over it.

Peter sipped the monster rockpile with slow, almost dainty relish, and pondered the series of mishaps that were making a personal misery out of his greatest gridiron season. Peering at a slightly fuzzy Beer Barrel, he said abruptly, "Blubberpot, am I for real?"

Beer Barrel looked at the ruined bar-stool, wagged his bulbous head and said, "Maybe you're just a bad dream . . . maybe I'm gonna wake up and find you gone."

"Shut up," said Peter morosely. "So you don't think I'm real, either."

"I didn't say that," protested the barried bartender. "I only . . ." He let it fade out, gratefully, as he saw that his troublesome customer had lapsed into some sort of reverie and was far, far away in spirit, if not in the flesh.

Peter was recalling all too vividly, the previous Saturday night, when his time of troubles had unexpectedly commenced. Alden had just made an upset shambles of favored Marquis University in the Marquis Stadium for its fifth straight conference win of the season. Peter had played the entire sixty minutes, had scored two touchdowns, booted a field goal from placement and kicked all five points after touchdown. Defensively, he had been not a rock but a Patton tank, intercepting three passes and time and again blasting through platoons of blockers to make a shambles of the vaunted Marquis single-wing attack.

Because the Marquis campus was a mere sixty miles from Alden, Peter had driven there in the Red Peril, his scarlet Jaguar sports-car, and due to circumstances beyond his control, had driven back alone. He had rather welcomed driving at night over the country roads through the soft November rain — it gave him a chance to unkey himself after the tensions of the game. He was a senior at Alden now, and this was his last season. He was very much in the running for All-American honors, and a still-unbeaten Royal Blue and Silver was depending on him to carry the team through its first championship season in almost a decade, as were

— *turn the page*

AUTUMN, *from page 37*

Coach Buck Willman and his associates. Not unwelcome pressures for a young man of immense inner and outer strength, but pressures all the same.

He was tooling easily along, humming a dismal rock 'n roll aria offkey as usual, when he turned a corner and saw the MG reclining at an oblique angle in the ditch. His headlights picked out a slender, beslacked figure beside it in the rain, a figure whose half-silhouette was very definitely feminine. Peter slowed to a skidding stop just behind the ditched vehicle, with his headlights still illuminating the rainswept scene. He unlimbered his vast bulk from the Jaguar cockpit and ambled up to the girl who had straightened and was regarding him curiously, her hands on her hips.

"How'd you manage to land there?" he asked in his semi-Southwestern drawl.

"It wasn't easy," she replied in cool, unmistakably Cold Roast Boston accents.

In the headlight glow, she was not the curled and cuddlesome co-ed cutie type to which he was accustomed. Her hair was straight, dark and very short, plastered to her well-shaped, rather small head by the rain. There was a Katherine Hepburn fascination to her face structure, to the wide-set unreadable eyes that regarded him angrily from under unplucked, level brows. The man-type shirt plastered to her lithe torso by the rain revealed rather small, but firm, high and interesting breasts that picked up highlights from the Jaguar headlights.

Satisfied with his survey, Peter said, "Okay, let's put your heap back on the road."

"I can't get rear-wheel traction against the mud in the ditch," she said matter-of-factly.

"You won't need it," Peter told her. He sloshed into the soaking ditch, surveyed the situation, then applied weight-lifting tactics to put the little MG back on the rain-slick pavement. Emerging, he saw the girl staring at the left-front wheel and moved around to follow her gaze. The wheel was canted at a crazy angle, indicating real repairs were needed.

"Better put her back in the ditch," he said. "She'll be out of the way of any trucks that might come by."

"I was dodging one of those big bastards when I skidded into the Goddam ditch," she said in her impeccably cultured accents.

Startled and amused at her profanity, Peter, pushed the little car back off the road after the girl had retrieved from it a much-labeled traveling case and a brief, rather ragged looking fur coat, which she slung over her shoulders. By the time he got back to the Jaguar, she was already seated in it, calmly lighting a cigaret. "Where are you headed?" she asked him.

He told her he was returning to Alden, and she said she was staying at the inn there. "There's a sort of garage-roadhouse combo a half dozen miles ahead," said Peter, getting under way. "I'll buy you a drink there, and you can arrange to get your heap fixed."

"Quite," she said monosyllabically, and they continued in silence. It was a wary, yet interesting silence, if somewhat damp from their mutual exposure to the rain. Peter was seldom at a loss for words with any girl, but something about the manner, accent and appearance of this young lady-in-distress effectively blocked his usual avenues of informal approach. He decided to leave things alone until he got her indoors, under lights.

He pulled in at the garage-roadhouse, whose neons lit up the juncture of the back road with the main highway. A sign, one of many advertising the various services offered by the establishment, read in bright yellow letters, *Cabins in Rear.*

Under the garage lights, Peter found his unexpected pickup even more attractive than he had thought, as she explained her situation in crisp, didactic sentences. Few members of his campus harem could manage to look elegant, he thought, while resembling a drowned cat. He came out of his enjoyable study to hear the night garageman say, "I may not be able to tow you in till morning, miss. The river has flooded out the bridge down the road, and I got State Police orders to stand by with the truck in case of accidents there."

"Hey!" said Peter, rousing himself. "You mean I can't get through to Alden?"

"Not unless you got a schnorkle on that Jag," was the reply.

"A character!" said Peter as he followed the girl into the roadhouse part of the place. It was a typical joint of its kind, like tens of thousands of others dotting the roadsides of America — a bar, a rainbow-hued juke-box, a half-dozen wooden tables and booths along the far wall. At the deep end of the room, an open fire roared and crackled in a large fieldstone hearth.

"Oh, good!" said the girl, leading the way to the table nearest the fire. There, without a shred of embarrassment, she removed shoes and socks and extended her small, bare feet toward the blaze. Having wet feet himself, Peter undraped his own gunboats and pushed them toward the comforting warmth. He said, "If your hair was golden, I'd feel like all three of the three bears."

She regarded him slantwise, through unexpectedly light, green-blue eyes, then turned to the bartender, who had emerged to take their order, and said, "Straight vodka, please."

"Double that," said Peter, deciding he could be allowed a drink for medicinal purposes after sloshing around in the muddy ditch.

While it was en route, she lit another cigaret and said, "Well, Jumbo, what are your plans? I presume you have some?"

Her arrogance nettled him. He said, "I was just wondering whether this crum-bun dive has enough business to rent you out to the customers.

He expected a slap in the chops at the very least. But she looked calmly around at the few customers present, all of whom had their own feminine companionship, and said, "Not a live one in sight."

She shrugged out of her rain-bedraggled fur, and Peter gave her an assist, feeling more confused than ever. Feeling the soft lightness of the fur, noting its blonde color, he said, "Hey, that's chinchilla!"

"You were expecting mouton?" she countered, her lips curving for the first time in a smile — a fascinating, Mona Lisa smile that suggested far more than it revealed.

The drinks arrived then, and he let it go, wondering what in hell he had tangled with. Here was a girl who didn't shock. He noted she downed her drink without even the tremor of a face-muscle, and followed her example.

They had another, in silence that had, for Peter, become definitely uncomfortable. Then the girl yawned and began putting her shoes and stockings on again. Without looking up, she said, "Since we're stuck here, you might see about getting us a cabin for the night. If you have to sign a register, put me down as your wife, please."

Trying to keep his eyes in their sockets, Peter mutely obeyed. After shoveling out ten dollars, he found himself alone with his strange pickup in a one-bedroom cabin that, while hardly luxurious, was at least dry. Calmly, the girl removed her damp clothes and hung them neatly over a chair, revealing that her figure was all Peter had estimated it and considerably more. She was slim, smooth-skinned, beautifully curved and perfectly proportioned in a long-limber greyhound fashion.

Looking at him, still hesitating to remove his trousers, she said, "For God's sakes, Jumbo, are you going to stand up all night?"

He gulped and got out of the rest of his things in a hurry, leaving them in

a heap on the floor. When he reached to turn off the light, she said, "Don't . . . I like to see what I'm doing."

What she did, he could only describe to himself afterward, was a complete treatment. Even in rapture, there was a cool elegance about this girl that made him feel as if they were performing some sort of a graceful love duet. It lasted more than two hours and, when it was finished, Peter fell asleep. After his earlier exertions on the Marquis gridiron, and the drive through the rain, he had had it.

When he finally awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and the bed was empty. The girl's clothes had vanished from the chair, and her much-labeled bag was gone. He sat up, scratched his head and yawned. For a moment, until his memory came into sharp focus, he wondered if the whole business hadn't been a dream.

That was the onset of van Haick's period of ultimate frustration. Casting wildly about in the recesses of his mind as he drove the remaining miles back to Alden, Peter realized he didn't even know the girl's name, nor did she know his. Nothing quite like it had ever before happened to him.

Still, he could hardly account himself a loser in the episode. The only trouble, thinking back on it, lay in the fact that he couldn't be sure just who had made whom. He recalled the costly Chinchilla so casually exposed to the elements, along with that well-boned, arrestingly lovely face, the profanity, the unexpectedly light blue-green eyes and certain other more intimate attractions revealed to him during the two hours before exhaustion claimed him. It didn't occur to him, of course, that he might have fallen in love. Love — emotional love, that is — was not for Peter van Haick. He had much too good a time without its anguish.

But that afternoon, when he attended a small cocktail party and tea given by the Dean of the History Department in the antique-filled living room of his fine old Federalist mansion, Peter found himself bothered. He had been invited because, as a Straight-A student and History Major, Dean Forman respected him and, Peter half-suspected, liked him. He had gone merely to be doing something, to get away from the fraternity house back slappings and questions about yesterday's game.

She was there. And she was very obviously with Chris Warren. Chris, tall, lean, darkly handsome and an aristocrat to the manor born, beckoned him over and said, "Susan, I'd like you to meet Peter van Haick. He's the man who ruined Marquis single-handed yesterday. Peter, this is Susan Grey, from Boston."

Unexpectedly light green-blue eyes looked up into his without a flicker of recognition. Cool, clipped, cultured accents said pleasantly, "Of course. Chris has been telling me how wonderful you are . . . on the football field."

Then she turned away, leaving him staring after her in a blend of sheer outrage and even sheerer anguish. Somebody stuck a tea-cup in his hand, and a plateful of cookies in the other. It took him ten minutes of determined maneuvering before he could get his last night's love-partner into a corner alone.

"What's the act?" he challenged.

"Act?" she countered, one fine, level, dark eyebrow rising in an arch.

"Pretending not to know me," he blustered, feeling as if he were rapidly losing ground.

"Since when," she said quietly, "has sex constituted a social introduction?"

That did it! That tore it! Peter van Haick, the irresistible force and immovable object combined of gridiron, table, saloon and bedroom, was thoroughly shook up. Nor was the cause of this seismographic event merely the fact that Susan Grey had blandly snubbed him after spending a wild night in the hay with him — the fact that she was obviously Chris Warren's girl added considerably to his rapidly mounting frustration.

Along with Peter, Chris Warren was quite properly acclaimed for the stunning and unpredicted success of the Alden Royal Blue and Silver that autumn. He was that anomaly in modern big-time collegiate football — the star who emerges from nowhere to fill a desperate hole in the lineup.

Actually, Chris Warren could hardly be said to have come from nowhere. An eminently Proper Bostonian, he had earned a fine reputation as a shrewd, resourceful play-caller and triple-threat both at St. Marks and Harvard, where he won varsity letters his sophomore and junior years. But, Harvard football being in the doldrums, even for the Ivy League, members of such a conference as Alden belonged to paid little heed to its gridiron achievements. When, a year earlier, Chris Warren transferred from Cambridge to Alden for an intensive two-year special course in post-Corbusier architectural suspension-dynamics, the Alden Athletic Association failed even to register a ripply of response. Warren would not be eligible for a year in any event after making transfer, and besides, it was accepted gospel that no effete Ivy Leaguer could even make the Alden scrubs, or "Omelets" as they were known. Besides, with "Flat Pass" Means and Hubie

— *turn to page 49*

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Adam's tales

GOOD GOLF!

DAVE: I suppose you heard about Al killing his wife, didn't you?
LEW: No — how'd he do it?
DAVE: Oh, with his club.
LEW: Great heavens! How many strokes?

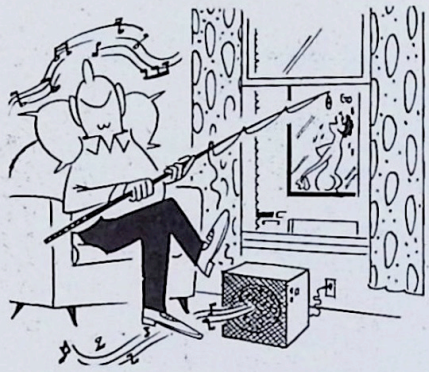
* * *

TUG OF WAR

The darkness was soft and romantic, and the young lovers sat silent, enjoying the miracle of the fireflies, for a long time. Finally, the youth mustered up sufficient courage to ask, "Honey, if I proposed, would you say, 'Yes'?"

Again there was silence, at last broken by the soft voice of the girl saying, "If you knew I'd say, 'Yes,' would you propose?"

* * *



'EAR! 'EAR!

A genuine lover of good music has been recently and definitely defined as a man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a girl singing in the tub.

* * *

"Well, I finally made the best seller list."

SURPRISE!

A young fellow decided to purchase a pair of gloves for the chaste young lass he adored, and decided to kill two birds with the same stone by purchasing a pair of panties for his sister. Somehow, in mailing the presents, he got gifts and accompanying letters mixed, and his blushing girl-friend got the following in the gift-package, along with a pair of black lace short-shorts —

Dearest —

The enclosed is to prove that I haven't forgotten your birthday. I chose the enclosed because I've noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when you go out at night. If it had not been for my sister, I'd have gotten long ones with buttons. The woman who sold them to me showed me a pair she'd been wearing for three weeks, which were hardly soiled at all. I had her try them on for me, and they looked very smart. How I wish I could put them on you for the first time! Alas, no doubt many other men's hands will come in contact with them before I have opportunity to see them again. I don't know the exact size yet, although I should be better capable of judging it than anyone else. Be sure to wear them when washing them, otherwise, they may shrink. I hope you will wear them out Saturday night.

P.S.—Count the number of times I kiss the back of them during the coming year. The salesgirl says the latest style is to wear them unbuttoned and hanging down to give them that much-desired droopy look.

* * *

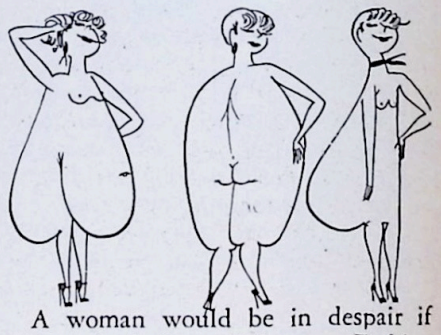
LOVELORE

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young.

—La Rochefoucauld.

He who has read the book called Woman knows more than he who has grown pale in libraries.

—Houssaya.



A woman would be in despair if Nature had formed her as Fashion makes her appear.

—Mdlle. de Lespinasse.

In love affairs, a young shepherdess is a better partner than an old queen.

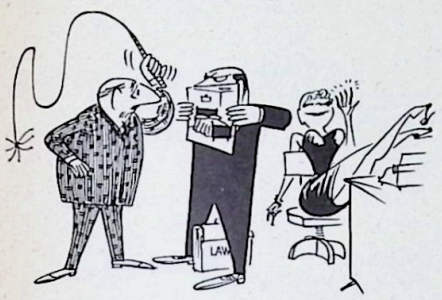
—De Finod.

* * *

SMALL WONDER!

ADAM has recently been informed why so many more babies are being born neurotic these days. After all, they've just come from nine months in solitary confinement!

* * *



SLOWPOKE

A beautiful blonde secretary spent the first half-hour of her weekday morning replucking the perfect double-arch of her golden eyebrows. The second half-hour was employed in straightening the seams of her seamless nylons, the third half-hour in caulking a leaky fingernail. By this time, her employer was in a condition bordering upon apoplexy, what with rage and frustration.

"See here, Miss Wilmerding," he snorted, "just because we spent last weekend in my house in the Poconos is no justification for your loafing around the office all day doing nothing. Who told you you could get away with this sort of thing anyway?"

Without batting a glued-on eyelash, the girl replied demurely, "My lawyer, Mr. Marjoribanks."

* * *

SOMETHING NEW

Farmer John and his wife, Emily, were driving their Model-T into town one day not long ago, when a fast-driving youth in a sports-car roared past. A hundred yards further on, when the rutted road took an unannounced turn to the right, the speed demon lost control of his wheel and overturned, being thrown from the cockpit with such force that every stitch of clothing was torn from his body.

As the farmer halted his old clunker and prepared to give aid, the accident victim regained consciousness, became aware of his condition and covered his most vital area with his hat, which had landed nearby. Looking down at him, Farmer Johns' wife, Emily, burst out laughing.

Disturbed by his wife's callousness, Farmer Johns snapped, "What's the matter with you? Haven't you ever seen an accident before?"

"Course I have," giggled Emily. "But I never saw one of those things wearing a hat before."

* * *

INDISCRIMINATE

In a backward village of Central America, Filipo, the Fatigued One, was sipping a short beer in the local cantina when his friend Pedro dashed in, in a state of vast excitement.

"Filipo!" he cried, panting. "This is indeed the blackest of all black days. Just now, I saw a man slink into your hacienda and make violent love to your wife."

"You don't say so," said Filipo mildly. "Was this man you saw very tall?"

"Si!" said Pedro. "Si, si — very tall!"

"Tell me, amigo, did he have a long drooping black mustache?"

"Si," replied Pedro. "Si, si, si — very black, the mustache!"

"Oh," shrugged Filipo, "that's only Juan. That character, he'll make love to ANYbody!"

* * *

VERY BEST GAL

The gal I like the best of all,
And I know you'll say I'm right,
Is is the gal who says, "I shouldn't —
But just for you, I might."

* * *

OH YEAH?

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more.
Did it last night 'till my back was sore.
Fifteen cents is now my price,
And I'll do it slow, and do it nice.
Shoeshine, Mister?

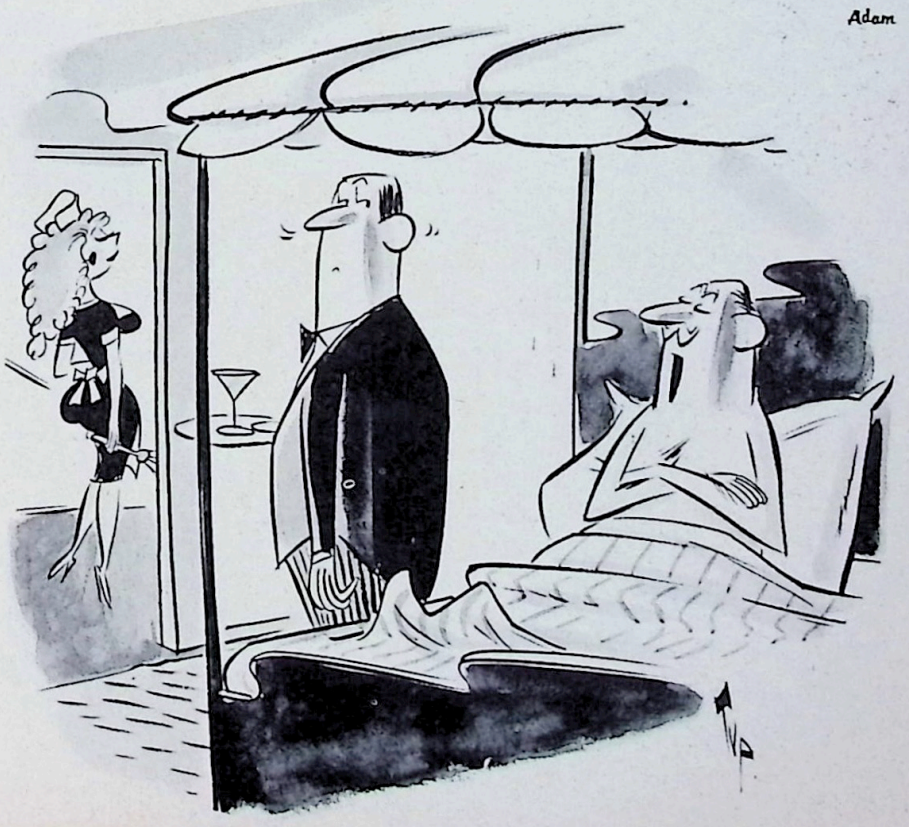
* * *

RICH-WITCH

The newly-discovered oil was spouting high in the air over the back sixty, and newly-rich Farmer Perkins was smiling for the first time since the big dust-bowl drought of 1936. "Maw!" he shouted to his weathered, leathery spouse. "Now that we're rich, the first thing I'm agonna do is to buy you some decent clothes."

"No you ain't Paw," his better half snapped back. "All my life, I've worn decent clothes because I couldn't afford not to, but now we've got money, I'm gonna throw them away and dress like other women."

* * *



"Warm up the maid now, Rogers, and send her in!"

Valli Oldenburg has a dramatic story, and a face and figure to go with it

Girl from West Germany

by BEN MONTROSE

FOR A PINUP model, Valli Oldenburg is a most unusual girl. In fact, Valli is unusual any way you look at her.

Take her eyes — it is doubtful that black-and-white photographic reproduction, or even full-color, can do them justice. The irises consist of three concentric circles, the outer one of deep amber, the middle one of a light blend of amber and blue, the inner one of greyish blue. Surrounding pupils of sparkling black, these tri-color rings have the impact of twin targets or of some rare and unusual precious stones.

Take her dimensions — at five feet three-and-a-half, weighing 106 pounds and taping a curvaceous trim 35-23-35½, they may not look unusual. Yet their sum-total adds up to a delightfully rounded girl who, thanks to a career of ballet-dancing in Europe, knows how to make the most out of what God and Diaghalev have given her.

Take her education and background — or, for that matter, take her husband, whom you can have on principle, unseen and unmet, merely for having put Valli beyond the pale of male competition. Oh, well — let's take them more or less in order, and let Valli, who has a shrewd sense of observation, a most articulate if beautifully accented speech and a charming sense of humor, talk about them. Furthermore — and and this makes her really different — how many American pinup models are married to ex-Luftwaffe pilots?

Very, very few in our more or less limited experience.

Vali's story is dramatic to say the least. She was born in Pomerania, now in Eastern Germany, 22 years ago, daughter of a substantial small manufacturer there. Of her father, she says, "You ask me the happiest thing that ever happened to me? I believe it was a chance to see him last year, before I came back to America to get married and stay. You see, he was away during the latter years of the war, while I was a child, and he had to stay in Eastern Germany while my mother, my brother and I escaped to the West."

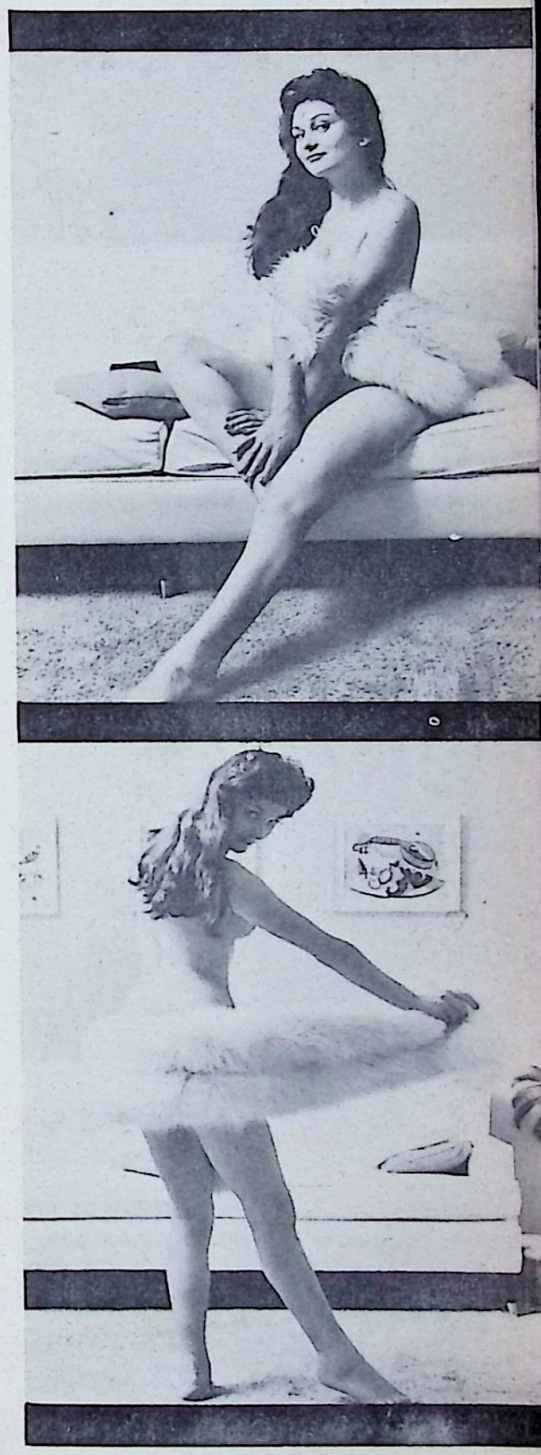
The escape itself was evidently a harrowing experience. Valli was a spindling 9-year-old, her brother a mere 5, when word came that the Russians had broken through and were overrunning the province. Valli's mother, who was nursing wounded soldiers, managed to collect her children, along with a group of her bandaged charges, and reach the Baltic seacoast, where a fishing smack was waiting to transfer them to the emergency hospital ship *Kapricorna.*

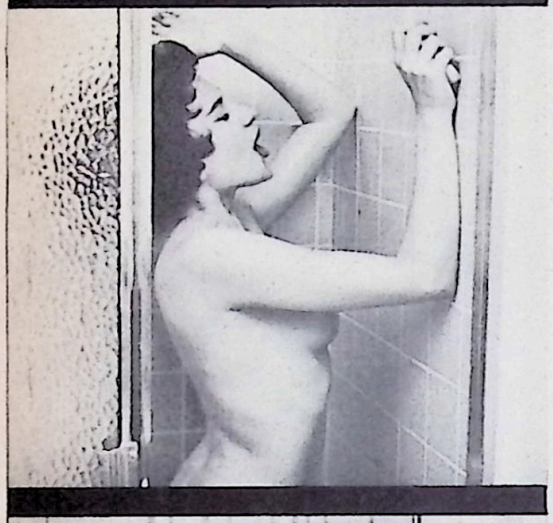
"We could tell by the sound of the cannon that the Russians were getting close," says Valli quietly. "At first, the captain of the *Kapricorna* refused to take us aboard. He claimed to have room only for the wounded soldiers. After a long argument, with the guns getting louder every minute, he finally changed his mind and let my brother and me on the ship. Then somebody pulled in the gangplank while my mother was still on the fishing boat. We were crying, and it was terrible. My goodness!"

But Mother was wearing a tough, imitation-leather army overcoat, and a sailor or marine reached down, grasped her by the scruff of the neck and pulled her aboard. "It was the worst frightened I have ever been," Valli admits, with cause.

Settled in Stuttgart, in the province of Wurttemburg, Valli completed her education and displayed great promise as a ballerina, promise which resulted in her being asked, while still in her teens, to join a troupe touring Western Europe.

"I love dancing," she says a trifle nostalgically, "even though strange things are always happening in a ballet company. One time, for instance, I didn't check my costume, and the whole top of it came apart as I came out of a spin. There I was, with everything showing above the waist. I had to leap over most of the company to get safely offstage, and I nearly fell down a half





dozen times in making it. My goodness!"

When Valli says, "My goodness!", her strange eyes grow round, and a look of little-girl wonder pervades her face. The total effect is a delight to watch.

However, not all of her ballet experience was amusing — in one instance, it was quite the reverse. The place was Gilbraltar, the British crown colony beyond the southernmost tip of Spain, and this time it was a leap that brought Valli to grief. She misjudged it, fell and found herself sitting on the stage, unable to move.

One of the girls, disturbed, pirouetted over her and whispered, "Aren't you going to get up?"

Says Valli, "There was a girl in the company who had a — how you say it? — strange knee. She was forever having to slap it back into place. Well, I discovered my ankle was wrong somehow, so I slapped it, and it just dangleled back and forth. I had broken it clean off."

She was, of course, rushed to the hospital. But here more trouble developed, since the only doctor available was watching the show, and no one thought to perform the is-there-a-doctor-in-the-house-bit. By the time Valli could get it set, her ankle had swelled up like a balloon. As a result, she had to stop her dancing for a while. So she took career time off and came to New York to visit relatives.

"Such a great big city," she marvels. "So much of everything — like a gigantic supermarket! And the boys — they are nice but too fast. My goodness! When they take you to a movie, they are already whispering to you about what they plan to do after the show. It is very upsetting to a girl who is used to enjoying one thing at a time."

Since the above were her first reactions to America, it is hardly surprising that, on the boat back to Germany, she fell in love with Gunther Oldenburg, former Luftwaffe pilot and currently American citizen of some years' standing and an engineer at the Four-D plant, which manufactures airplane parts in the San Fernando Valley just north of Los Angeles. At any rate, fall she did.

The months of her engagement were spent in preparing for her marriage and permanent return to the United States. There was the welcome visit to a father she barely knew, in Communist Germany, and another, more amusing incident, when she visited other relatives and was introduced to a very young uncle. For a gag, Valli used a phoney name, and was delighted when her uncle revealed all sorts of shyness at meeting such a pretty girl.

"The next day," says Valli, smiling mischievously, "he actually asked me for a date. So then I had to tell him I was his niece."

Valli and Gunther were married in Las Vegas on February 15, 1958—"just day after Valentine's Day." They settled with Gunther's parents and are in the process of buying their own home. "I like his family very much," she admits, "but with so many people under one roof there is bound to be trouble now and then. My goodness!"

With her ankle recovered, Valli auditioned for Frank Sennes, for a dancing job in the chorus of his famed Moulin Rouge in Hollywood. Says she, "I got the job, but my husband put his foot down. He didn't mind my dancing, but he won't let me work at night while he works in the daytime. He's afraid we'd never get to see one another."

Curbed but uncrushed, Valli studied modeling with Caroline Leonetti, only to discover her lack of height made high-fashion modeling (which she has done abroad) out of the question here. So she is posing for pictures like those here on display.

"I'd like to act, of course, in films or on TV," she says. "But my accent is so terrible. I learned my English from comic books. Maybe, though, I can do television commercials. Some of the accents I hear on those are worse than mine."

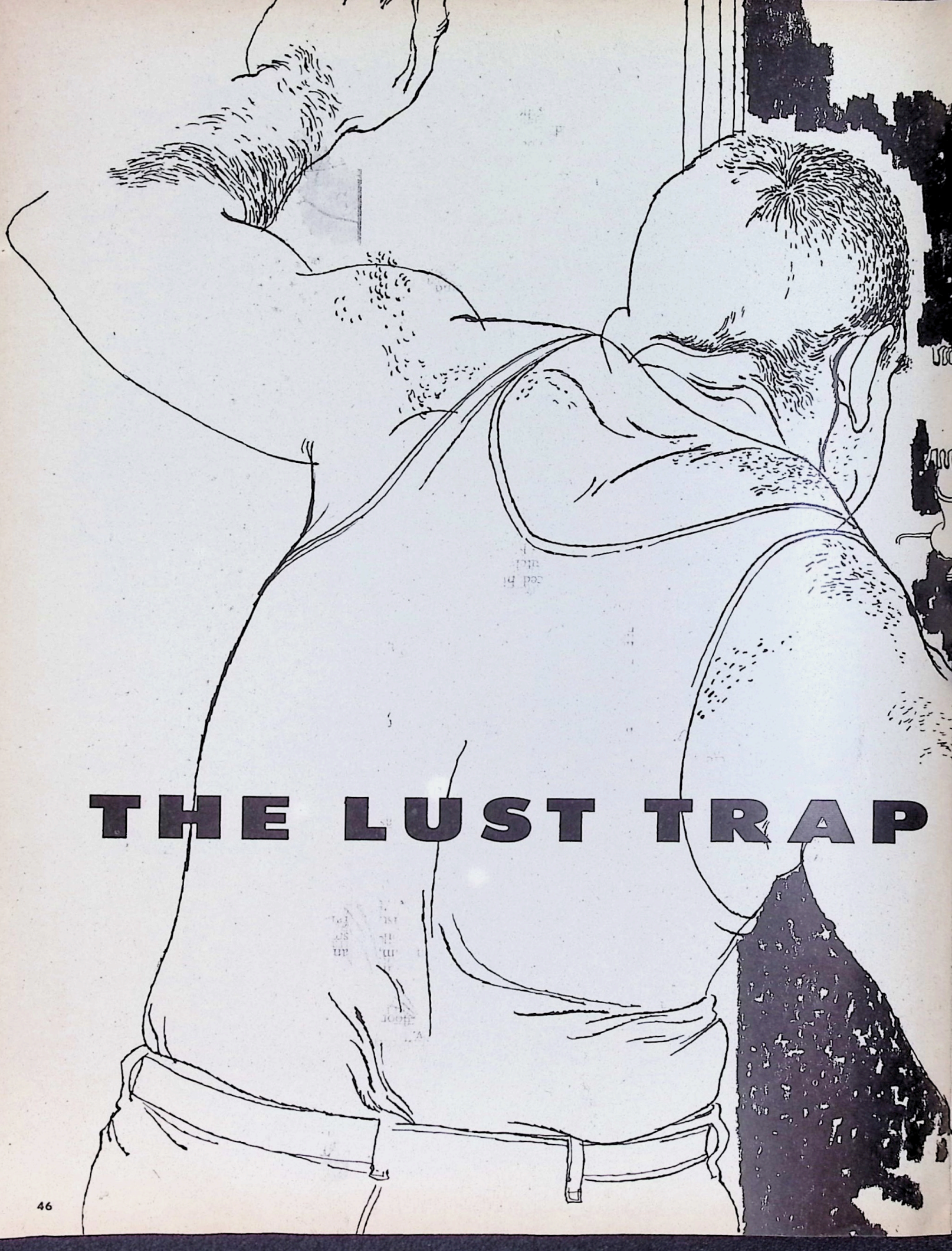
So here is Valli, married, whole of ankle and settled down in California. How does she like it?

"I am crazy about California," she says warmly. "There is so much here — a bit of every other country in the world. My goodness!"

Valli smokes but does not drink. Despite the comic-book bit, she is an educated and literate reader. She is an excellent swimmer, horseback rider and water-skiier. "I like to go fast. Also, I like to drive a car fast. I hope I grow out of this last habit, before I get killed." The car she drives fast is a Cadillac.

As for sex — "I do not think it the most important thing in life. I think understanding someone you love is more important."

Well, time will tell. My goodness!



THE LUST TRAP

"Please be gentle," she said. "I won't fight you."

by DEVEREAUX WILLIAMS

THE USUAL crowds of Long Street shoppers and movie-goers were remarkable by their absence that Thursday. In their place were a few men who walked rapidly homeward, and women who walked faster still.

In place of people, there was fear. During the past nine months, Riverview had seen the rape-assault of eight women. Three times, women had been pulled off the streets, into back yards or alleys, while the assault was completed in lingering detail. Five times, girls or women had been violated while alone in their homes. Six of them, who resisted, had been savagely, methodically beaten — two had been killed.

"The hell of it is," said Detective-Sergeant Sam Bashford, "it could be anybody."

"Which means," said Lena Waybright, looking at him obliquely from the rear of her little second-hand book and magazine shop, where she was locking up for the night, "that you have no idea who our maniac is."

"We don't even know if he *is* a maniac," said Sam unhappily. "If he is, he's Goddam clever, Lena — too Goddam clever! He stalks his victim, he makes a grab, and that's that. He moves out of the dark into the dark and is never really seen. No fingerprints, no recognition, no nothing to go on. It makes a guy wonder."

"It makes a woman wonder, too," said Lena. A powerfully-built woman with a not-unhandsome face, she was in her middle thirties — self-supporting, intelligent, manless.

The detective paused, frowning.

Unknown, it was set for both of them, and in one moment of stark terror, desire became destruction

"One thing we do know about him," he added. "He doesn't attack on impulse. Every woman he's assaulted has either been wearing lacy nightgowns or lingerie. The only way he'd know about the lingerie is by snooping on them at home."

Lena laughed. "well," she said, "at least he knows what he wants."

"Don't joke about it," said the detective, preceding Lena out the front door, which she double-locked after turning off the lights inside. "You wouldn't want it to happen to you."

She laughed again, without mirth. "If it did," she remarked, "I'd take care of him — but good! I'm as good a pistol-shot as anybody on your Keystone force."

It was true — Lena had proved to be a medal-winning sharpshooter during her service in the Marines while the Korean War was on. She had come out of it a top sergeant. As she drove home in her modest 1955 Plymouth, she thought with bitterness about her unquestioned abilities and talents. She could cook with the best of them, she could run a house to perfection, she could make money with her own business — but she lacked entirely the trick of attracting men.

For a lusty girl, of powerful, pioneer stock, it was rough. Her figure, despite its strength, was feminine enough. Feature by feature, her face was not bad, and her thick hair had a way of remaining smartly groomed without a lot of fuss. She yearned for love, for sex, but she was unable to project her yearning in such a way that men responded. More than once, it had occurred to her that the authority of manner that had won her a sergeantcy in the Woman Marines was at fault, or the fact she had been strictly brought up. She didn't give a damn about the cause of her spinsterhood. What troubled Lena Waybright was the fact of it.

After putting her car under the carport of her trim, modern little house on Ash Hill, she went inside and locked the front door behind her. Her bedroom was away from the road, facing the hillside, and she made no attempt to draw the blinds as she undressed slowly and paraded the fullness of her female curves back and forth in front of it. She took a bath, donned a flimsy, transparent nightgown and stretched out on the wide, wide, terribly lonely bed to watch television, under a softly-glowing, rose-shaded lamp.

She smoked a cigaret, then another, then lit a third. Her eyes were on the screen with its shadow figures, but her other senses were focussed elsewhere. The TV set was placed to one side of the closed doorway she faced, and her body writhed from side to side as the passion mounted within her, forcing her to steal frequent glances at the door, trying to conjure up the image of the man who might appear there. In her twisting and turning on the bed, her gown had slipped first from her round, tawny skinned shoulders, then over the full crested mounds of her high breasts, and down to her waist, where it lay in a frothy, twisted tangle. She had faithfully followed the same ritual every night for the last five months. Sooner or later, she thought, if the idiot wasn't caught, he would come her way.

Geared though she was, to expect him, Lena could not repress a start when she heard the faint creak of the back door opening. She had carefully left it unlocked. She heard an almost inaudible rustle of garments just outside the bedroom, and quickly rose, turned off the light and the television so the light would not frighten him away. She had just slipped back onto the bed, assuming her most seductive, sultry pose, when the door opened.

For a few moments, until her eyes became accustomed to the dark, she couldn't see him. Then she made out the square, powerfully built figure hovering on the threshold, his thick arms and shoulders and chest bulging from a thin, sleeveless undershirt.

Lena shifted her body to give a more provocative display of her near-nude feminine charms. "Please be gentle," she said. "I won't fight you." Then she rose and went forward to meet him.

Although his face was barely discernible in the dark room, the rapist's pose as she approached him, smiling, was that of a wary animal fearing a trap. His voice, hoarse and strained, muttered, "Stay where you are!"

Lena paused and laughed gently, almost crooning, "You needn't be afraid. I've been waiting for you." All the pent-up yearning that had plagued her so long was there.

She took another step toward him and the nightgown that had rode on her rounded hips, slid down her thighs and to the floor. He lifted his fist in a gesture of defensive menace, and Lena snapped, in her best top-sergeant rasp, "Stop that, you damned fool! Don't you see I want you! You don't have to beat me like you did the others! Come on, take me! What do you want me to do?"

He stood there panting, lantern-jaw hanging open, bewildered for a long moment, then turned to flee through the back door. When Lena, revolver in hand, reached the hallway, he had almost made it in his hurried, clumsy flight. She lifted the gun and fired — just once.

Later, at Police Headquarters, Detective Sergeant Sam Bashford sat on a corner of the Chief's desk, talking it over with his superior.

"I got to hand it to Lena," he said, shaking his head. "She told me, just before she closed up shop, she'd take care of him, if he showed up. She sure did, too — drilled him right through the back of the head with one shot. Funny thing — she musta scared hell out of him. He sure was trying to get outa there when she dropped him."

He paused to light a cigar, then added, "Another funny thing — you wouldn't think a dame like Lena would bust up easy after a thing like that. When we got there, she was crying like a baby. We had to put her in City Hospital for shock."

Adam

"Er . . . just how extensive is the photo coverage of our wedding to be, Mr. Abel . . . ?"

AUTUMN,
from page 39

Altemus, the Royal Blue and Silver was solidly set for system-trained signal callers.

It was early in the second week of the season that lightning struck twice — and disastrously. Hubie came down with a major infection caused by cutting his thumb while trying to uncap a bottle of soda pop without an opener, and he was on the shelf for the season. Two days later, at practice, while pivoting rapidly to throw a swing pass, Flat Pass caught his cleats in a patch of stubborn turf and snapped three small bones in his ankle. Gloom was pecan-pie thick on the Alden campus that evening, thickest of all in the Field House office, where Buck Willman, Trainer Doc Ferris and Peter, as team captain were gathered, desperately trying to think of something.

"How's *your* passing, Peter?" Coach Willman asked in a husky frog-croak that passed for a voice.

Peter, who had not thrown a pass even in practice since his high school days, was pondering a reply when there was a rap on the half-open door, and he looked around to see a lean, darkly handsome, vaguely familiar young man clad impeccably standing there. "Excuse me," he said in those Beacon hill accents that sounded so clipped and strange on the Alden campus, "I heard you needed a quarterback. My name is Chris Warren, and I'd like to help out if I can."

Once the matters of eligibility and qualification were settled, Coach Willman croaked, "How long will it take you to get in playing shape, Warren?"

"I'm always in shape, sir," said Warren quietly.

Willman opened his mouth to croak his disbelief, but Doc Ferris, who had been eyeing the newcomer keenly, said, "Okay, young fellow . . . report tomorrow at one-thirty for examination."

The following day, in practice, Chris Warren took over at quarterback on the crippled Alden varsity, and hadn't vacated the position since. Whatever he might have been two years earlier at Cambridge, he was a big-time college quarterback now. His faking was deft and deceptive, his ball handling sure, his passes, long or short, accurate and light as a feather to catch. He could throw equally well from the pocket or on the rollout option play — and, when a run was indicated, he was shifty, elusive and hard to bring down.

Furthermore, he was brilliant in his choice of plays, in setting up the big gainers — and he was always cool in the clutch. Indestructable, never excited, he held the team together under pressure and emerged from the bottoms of pile-ups as if he were jumping up off a warm stove. And he had the faculty, by his poise, his courteous sportsmanship, above all by his aristocratic manner and voice, of driving Alden's opponents into furious anger that prevented them from playing their best.

Yet, though he was both crutch and sparkplug for the Royal Blue and Silver, Chris Warren was never quite part of it. Off the field and on, he practiced an aloofness that held him apart from the teammates who depended so much on him. Which was why the fact that Susan Grey was obviously his girl added to Peter's shook-up condition after her snub at the Dean of History's party.

During the week that followed, Peter slipped lamentably in his studies, but this slight easing off was expected of him, since he was football captain and the season was nearing its climax with Alden still undefeated and untied.

However, he was also wool-headed at practice Monday and Tuesday, which was neither expected nor forgiven. He was caught in an emotional muddle, and the worst of it was that he could unload to no one — his incident with Susan Grey was simply not the sort of confidence he could reveal and face himself in the mirror.

Wednesday afternoon, as usual, the squad had scrimmaged at University Field, and members of the student body, the faculty and visitors were permitted inside the stadium to watch. To test his second-string backs, Coach Willman tossed them in behind Chris Warren and the varsity line against the second string line backed by Peter, Perry Grove and Monk Hurley of the varsity, and Lew Davis, a speedy secondary defender for safety man.

Two other factors entered the picture that afternoon, under the soft, gray November sky. One was the presence of Susan Grey in the section set aside for honored visitors. The other was a bee, restored to active existence by the unseasonably warm weather the campus had enjoyed for a week or more.

Peter was unable to keep his eyes off Susan, and his mind where it belonged on the field — and the bee was apparently equally enamored of Peter. For a good ten minutes, during scrimmage, he was unable to shake the insect. Chris Warren's makeshift team had the ball, third down and six, on its own thirty-three, when the insect at last ceased buzzing around him.

Third and six on the thirty-three, with any orthodox quarterback calling the plays, it would call for a pass or one of the special draw sequence. For once, Peter had not been playing sufficient attention to the scrimmage to remember just what had been called, and Chris was seldom orthodox in his tactics. Peter resolved to float close behind the line and try to handle whatever evolved. He gave himself a reassuring pep-slap on the left rump . . .

. . . and the bee, which had slipped down inside the back of his pants, evidently frightened by the slap and close confinement, stung Peter square in the tail. With a yip, the oversized fullback launched himself straight forward in the wildest of involuntary red-dog charges, just as the ball was snapped. He burst through the offensive line like a rocket plane and kept on going, shedding would-be blockers like asparagus stalks.

Chris, who had run straight back and pivoted for a quick-kick, turned right into Peter with one foot already off the turf. The 285 Van Haick pounds barreled into him, knocking him flat and sending the ball flying, where a second-string end plucked it out of the air and ran for a defensive touchdown.

Peter picked himself up off the ground and saw, to his horror, that Chris was lying flat on his back, his eyes closed and his face drained of color. He was still standing there, stunned, when Buck Willman followed Doc Ferris onfield and said, "Better shower, Peter . . . you're doing more harm than good this afternoon."

The fullback felt more than ever an outsize heel when, on emerging from his shower, he was informed by Doc Ferris that Chris Warren had been taken to the infirmary to be checked against possible concussion. When Peter got there, he found Chris lying in bed, grinning wanly. "What the hell got you in on me so fast, Peter?" he asked from the pillow. "You never did it before."

Peter told him about the bee-sting and was about to ask him a question or two about Susan, when the nurse came in and shooed him out. Susan was sitting alone in the reception room just inside the infirmary door as he

— *turn to page 50*

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AUTUMN, *from page 49*

went out. She regarded him with the icy loathing of a dry fly fisherman for a live-bait caster, as he hesitated. Determined to settle the issue between them, he went over to her and said, "I just saw Chris. He's gonna be okay."

"No thanks to you," she said, her voice and manner at absolute zero. "Why didn't you kill him while you were at it?"

He had been about to explain the bee, but her crack stopped him dead. He said, "Oh, I guess because I didn't want the end to be so easy." Then, quite serious, "What in hell have you got against me anyway, Susan?"

"I have nothing against you," she replied with cool precision. "I have nothing for you, either. You see, you're not real . . . Not a real student nor a real athlete. You're a member of that shadow world that lives only for kicks. Therefore, you do not exist as a person. And you do not exist for me."

In desperation, early the following morning, Peter wrote her a letter, trying to tell her something of himself and how he felt.

The answer did not arrive until the next afternoon. A large envelope, bearing the crest of the Inn, was in his pigeon-hole at the house when he got home from practice. It contained his letter, unopened, enclosed in a sheet of Inn paper on which was written without salutation or signature, *I'm sure you'll enjoy reading your opinion of yourself more than I shall. At any rate, you're more accustomed to it.*

This was the straw that broke the Van Haick back. Plucking up the bespectacled sophomore, Paddy Gregory, to ease his loneliness, Peter had slammed into the red jaguar and taken off at dangerous speeds on the out-of-town pub-crawl that found him breaking up furniture at Beer Barrel Jones' whiskey emporium twelve miles north of Alden. Coming out of his abstraction, and deciding he needed more destruction to relieve his massive frustration, he picked up another stool and weighed the joys of heaving it against the back-bar mirror, right through a glittering pyramid of crystal brandy inhalers. Half-crouching behind the bar, Beer Barrel pleaded with him to put down the stool and go in peace.

"Who's gonna make me?" Peter roared.

"Put it down, you drunken bully," said a crisp, precise, Boston voice.

Meekly, he lowered it and said to Susan Gray, "What'n'ell are you doing here, you snottty little tramp?"

"Taking you home, where you belong," was the quiet reply. "Put it down."

Somewhat unsteadily, Peter obeyed. Although he towered over Susan by a full foot, he felt strangely small in the presence of her personality. He said, "Okay, okay . . . but what about Paddy? He's asleep."

"Who's asleep?" said Paddy drowsily, without opening his eyes.

Susan laid the keys to her repaired MG on the bar and said, "Take care of this jackanapes," with a nod toward the bespectacled Paddy. "When he sobers up, tell him he can drive the MG outside back to the Inn and leave the keys at the desk." Then, to Peter, "Give me your keys."

Meekly, he handed them over and got into the red Jaguar as Susan slipped behind the wheel. When they were started back to Alden, his head cleared slightly, and he said, "How'd you find me, Susan?"

"It's not hard to follow a bull elephant through a cane-brake," she replied drily. "And don't go getting ideas into your thick, rhinoceros head. I only did it because Chris says the team's got to have you tomorrow against Harker. I must say, you certainly have got yourself into superb shape."

Peter ignored that. Instead, he said, "Just what is Chris to you, anyway?"

She said, "Not that it's any of your business, but he is very near and *very* dear to me."

That finished him. He gave up and pretended to be asleep. By the time they reached Alden, he had sobered up considerably and was prey to a dull headache. He left Susan out at the Inn and drove back to the house alone. When one of his brothers tried to talk to him on the way in, he growled his way unceremoniously past and made it upstairs to bed. He slept badly despite the alcohol he had consumed during the course of the evening.

The next afternoon was to remain as something of a nightmare in his football memory chest. Determined to hold Peter in check at all costs, Harker double-teamed him all day with two of the meanest, fastest, most aggressive characters he had ever met, on the gridiron or off. They bumped him, they roughed him, they fouled him whenever the officials weren't looking, they tripped him, they clipped him, they hooked him with sharp elbows and bruised him with sharp knees and hard, plastic helmets.

He couldn't seem to shake himself loose, either on offense or defense, and more than once, as the second half dragged through its seemingly endless minutes, he was half-minded to ask for relief in the interests of the team. For Alden was going nowhere. It was one of those days when nothing Chris Warren tried came off. Penalties bogged the attack repeatedly, short

passes were broken up, long passes were intercepted. On running plays defenders popped up in unexpected places, foiling blockers and runner alike.

Once, Monk Hurley made a magnificent leaping catch of a long, perfect pass from Chris, only to have the officials rule he had caught it over the end zone. And once, when Peter was upended deep in Alden territory, a Harker tackler got through on Perry Grove and dumped him for a safety.

With two minutes to go, Alden at last had a sustained drive going and had moved all the way to the visitors' twelve, third down and goal to go. But it had taken a fifteen-yard penalty to get them to the ten, and Peter had been dropped for a two-yard loss on the first two plays.

Peter felt like a heavy punching bag at the far end of a heavyweight champion's training program as the battered Royal Blue and Silver stalwarts crouched in their huddle. He looked at Chris, cool and unmarked, despite the fact he had been in the thick of the heavy going all afternoon, and admitted to himself that here, verily, was a man. If Chris had the inside track with Susan, he had earned it.

Warren called for a short pass into the flat to Monk Hurley, from the pocket, with himself throwing. Peter nodded and got into position behind the line, prepared to repel blockers. As things got under way, he was in the process of warding off a burly Harker tackler, as legally as possible, when, out of the corner of an eye, he caught sight of Chris streaking straight back upfield with the ball.

Emitting a bellow of alarm, Peter, with visions of "Wrong Way" Riegels and his ancient Rose Bowl disaster dancing in his head, took after the errant Alden sparkplug. He caught up with him on the twenty-five and brought him crashing to the turf with a flying tackle from behind.

"You okay?" he asked quickly.

"Damn right," was the reply. "I don't dare call for a kick the way they're crashing through, and you need leg-room to get past Dick Holman. Just take off with the snap and head for the left goal post, got it?"

"You want a time out?" an official asked anxiously.

"Not I," said Chris Warren, springing to his feet. Peter followed more slowly, digesting the ex-Harvard man's strategy, then frowned as a scrub-team quarterback came trotting onto the field to report.

"Hold it," Peter told the referee. "Substitution refused. As team captain, I got the authority."

"You have," said the official, frowning, "but . . ."

"Back to the bench, sonny," Peter said to the disappointed scrub. Time was called in, and Chris called the play. Peter didn't even dare look at the bench. He could all too clearly visualize the look Buck Willman was sending his way. But Peter, understanding what Chris was trying to do, decided to go with him. But, if he didn't latch onto the ball . . . Briefly, he closed his eyes.

He had been unable to snag a pass all afternoon. This was neither Chris' fault nor his own. Either the pass had been hurried, or one of Peter's eager escorts had been right there to bat it away. He wondered, briefly, if his training break of the night before had slowed him a vital half-step, resolutely shoved the thought out of mind as the ball was snapped and the play unrolled.

Peter didn't bother faking this time. He simply put down his head and gathered speed as he raced for that left-hand goalpost. Due to his vast size and bulk, he was not a quick starter, but, once he got rolling, he could pick up quite a head of steam — and only he knew where he was going. He burst past the two men assigned to make his life miserable, and raced on like a locomotive, straight for the padded post. He saw swift Harker safety man Dick Holman come racing over on the diagonal, and managed to draw an extra notch of speed from somewhere deep inside him. All at once, he was through, and there was the goal post in front of him.

Putting on the brakes, so he wouldn't go beyond the end zone, he looked over his shoulder for the ball, saw it and gathered it into his gigantic paws. Chris had pulled the game out of the fire after all with his ground-losing strategy. He felt the turf come up to meet him like so much soft down and lay there briefly, hugging the pigskin to his chest. Then he jumped up and tossed it to the referee while the stands went crazy.

Later, in the locker room, Chris got him in a corner and said, "Susan wants to see you, Peter. I told her you'd be right out. Hope I wasn't taking anything for granted."

"Hold it, character," said Peter, his throat suddenly tight. "I'm mad about Susan, but if you think for a moment I'm going to come between you two, you're out of your mind."

Chris' eyebrows rose. "Come between Susan and me?" he asked incredulously. "How could you? Susan's my mother's kid sister . . . my aunt, though she'll kill me for telling you."

"No foolin'!" whispered Peter. "No Goddam foolin'!" Then, with a whoop, he reached for his pants.

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Her boyfriend was dying at 11 in the chair, and she was sending the cop along with him

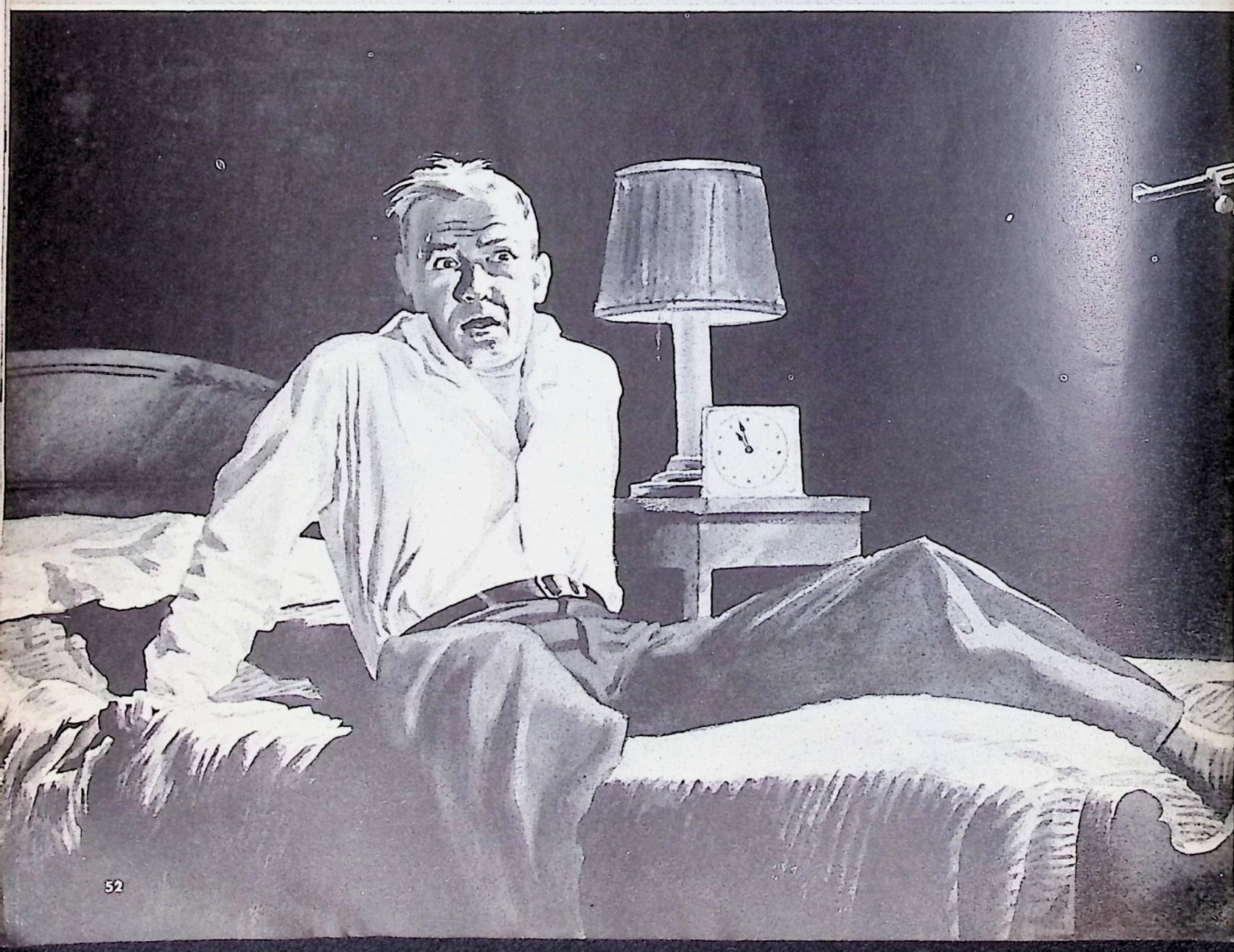
BELL FOR A KILLER

by ART CROCKETT

FOR A COP, Bix Shacker slept much too soundly. It wasn't healthy. Not when you considered the fact that there were a lot of joes anxious to spill his blood because of his impressive record for deep freezing them at one time or another for crimes ranging from picking pockets to murder in the first degree.

Even as he set his alarm clock and placed it on the night table only inches from where his head would rest, he knew his chances were better than good that he'd snore right through its incessant jangling.

Shacker plopped fully clothed on the bed and cursed the one hour of sleep



coming to him.

His hidden, uninvited guest didn't have to be careful about keeping quiet in his room, although she was. If she had been aware of Shacker's ability to konk off almost immediately upon hitting the pillow, she could have thrown caution through the window without opening it first. The cop wouldn't have heard a thing.

Instead, she sweltered in his closet for fifteen minutes after she heard his bedsprings groan under his weight. Then, and quite needlessly, she tiptoed across the darkened room.

Moon rays sliced through the venetian blinds. She used the illumina-

— turn the page

"When Tommy takes the juice, you take the bullet," she spat out.

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BELL, *from page 53*

tion to check the safety on her revolver.

She snapped the wall switch, flooded the room with light.

Bix Shacker slept on peacefully.

The girl steadied herself at his bedside and lifted the gun so that its sight was in line with the cop's freckled forehead.

"Hey, Shacker! Wake up!" Her voice was coarse, gritty. It hardly befitted the slight but well-proportioned frame and the young innocent eyes.

Shacker did not respond to her command.

An expression of disgust hardened her pretty face and she lashed out with her spiked heel. Three inches of it sank into his fleshy side.

Shacker bolted to a sitting position, dazed and in pain. "What the hell—?" He saw the gun and the words died on his lips. His sleep-filled eyes widened, snapped to the girl's face, then back to the gun.

Warily, he said, "Better put that thing away, lady. It might go off."

Her smile was humorless. "That's why I'm here, cop." She made the last word sound dirty.

Shacker turned a palish green. The gun was pointed to the hairy spot between his eyes. He made an attempt to edge away from it.

"Stay put!"

Bix Shacker stayed put. Mentally he was dragging out all the female mug shots in the files downtown. Her face wasn't among them. But he'd seen her before. He was sure of it. "What's the beef, lady?"

"Remember me, Gracie Hammond?"

Bix thought a moment, then shook his head.

"Didn't think you would. But I'll bet you remember Tommy Landey."

He remembered. Thomas Landey had appeared on the ten-most-wanted-men list for so long he became known as "Old Reliable" Landey — until Shacker nailed him two years before for the Max Bronson killing.

He had often admitted his luck the day he caught Landey. The hood was showering, couldn't have been more helpless if he'd been up to his chin in cow dung.

"What's he got to do with me, Gracie?"

"Tommy dies at eleven." Grief thickened her speech. "You're going with him. At eleven. Tommy says he wants it that way. He told me how to do it." Tears rolled down her cheeks. She tried vainly to sniff them back.

"This is crazy! All I did was pinch him." He pushed thick fingers through reddish gray hair. "A jury convicted him. How come you're — "

"Quiet. All you gotta do is sit there until eleven. You have a half hour. When Tommy takes the juice, you take a bullet. Tommy said he wouldn't mind taking the juice if he knew he could depend on me."

"You can't get away with a thing like this," Bix shot back. "It's still early. Neighbors will hear the gun go off. They'll see you leave the apartment. They'll see your face, what you're wearing."

"Cut it, copper, you're wasting your time." Gracie smiled confidently. "Tommy says all I have to do is wrap a pillow around the gun. It's as good as a silencer."

"Except for one thing."

"Except for nothing!"

"Ever kill anybody before?"

Gracie's carefully penciled brows went up. "Don't give me that conscience routine. Tommy says all I gotta do is keep thinking about him taking the jolts while I pull the trigger on you. That'll make it easy."

"So it *is* your first time?"

"So what!" the girl flared. "I can do it. Look at my hand. Steady. Like I was holding a cup of tea. I can kill you easy."

Shacker looked at the gun. She hadn't lied. It was steady. Gracie had good control. She might be capable of pulling the trigger on him without any show of emotion or remorse.

He glanced at the clock. The big hand was making its way steadily up the left side of the face toward eleven. His forehead oozed ice water and he wiped it away with a cold, trembling hand.

It was a cinch Tom Landey was eyeing the clock right now in the death house. At this moment it was highly probable that he was even being escorted to the chair.

Shacker's clock ticked on furiously. The heavy silence in his room emphasized sound, brought it up to his ear so that it was a trip hammer smashing against steel.

Silence, he suddenly realized, could be deadly. Talking was the only way he could fight back; it was his only weapon.

"Gracie, did you ever wonder what it's like up there where Landey is? Pretty dismal. He's on his way right now. Bet he's screaming his head — "

"Stow it! I'm not interested in details." The girl's body shuddered at Bix's graphic picture. "That's not the kind of talk I want to hear."

"But you should hear it because it's going to happen to you some day. You know damn well what happens when you kill a cop."

Words tumbled out of Shacker's mouth and he chalked it up to frayed nerves and the ever-present uneasiness

of sitting in front of a cocked gun in the hands of an emotionally upended girl who might at any moment squeeze off a round without realizing her action until after the blast.

But in talking there was the hope that he might dissuade Gracie Hammond from the insane desire to kill him. So he kept talking.

"Like I was saying, an execution takes more time than you think." Shacker looked at the clock. It was ten to eleven. "The guy has to be taken to the room, strapped to the chair, and the electrodes have to be fastened to his wrists and legs." Shacker took a breath, started again before the girl could interrupt him. "The steel hood is fitted on the head. Then comes the blindfold. It's a black hood, really. Fits over the whole head. Merciful that way. Not for the prisoner, but for the observers. The face of death, Gracie, is never pretty."

In nine minutes things were going to happen. Shacker had to be ready for them. The situation, when it came, would be delicate. Timing would be measured in the tenth part of a second.

He watched the girl chew on her lower lip. Her face showed the grief in her heart. Tears came again and she wiped them away with her coat sleeve.

New courage suddenly welled up and she straightened her slight frame, pushed the damp hair away from her face. "You can just shut up now, do you hear? I . . . I love Tommy, if it's possible for you to understand that. And I don't want to hear anymore."

"How the hell could you love a rat like that? He killed more people than you know. He's no good right down to his shoes."

"Shut up or I'll pull this trigger right now!"

Shacker paled. He raised his hands. "Okay, okay. Don't get excited."

He had wanted to arouse her, but not to the point where she might forget what she held in her hand. A moment later, when her anger subsided, he needled her again. "Gracie, do you know what happens when they turn the juice on?"

"Look, copper — "

"No, wait! This is something that most folks don't know. I mean, most people think that when the juice is turned on all the lights in the prison get dim. You know, like they show in the movies? Well, it doesn't happen like that at all."

Shacker laughed, but it was forced, shaky. He cleared his throat, made an effort to keep his voice from cracking.

"You know how it really works? There's a loud bell that rings when the juice is on. You can't hear it unless you're right in the room with him. The bell tells the electrician that the juice is going through the guy."

"Knock it off, Shacker. You're wasting your time."

It was three minutes to eleven. Gracie glanced quickly at the clock. "Pretty near the end for you."

Shacker gulped. "And Landey."

"Throw your pillow on the floor. Don't try anything funny."

Bix obeyed her. He watched the way she squatted for the pillow without taking her eyes away from him, watched the way she wrapped the pillow around the gun to muffle the blast. "Landey thought of everything, didn't he?"

Gracie ignored his intended sarcasm. "You got two minutes. You're as good as dead, cop."

Blood drained out of his head as though some hidden sponge was sopping it up. There was so little time left, so little he could do to prevent what was about to happen. He knew he'd never be fast enough to disarm the girl so long as she persisted in staring at him. Gracie hadn't taken her eyes from him — except for quick glances at the clock — since she'd dug her heel into his side. If she'd drop her guard for an instant Shacker could make his move, but it wasn't likely she was going to present such an opportunity. Unless —

Shacker braced himself for the one and only minutely slim chance that was still open to him.

"Remember, Gracie, the juice surges through Landey and the bell rings. It keeps sounding out. And he hears it, too, just before death comes. It's a loud bell, like a giant telephone. It rings and rings and the juice pours into Landey's body, but he doesn't hear it anymore because he's dead."

"Keep spouting your fool head off. You got one minute." Gracie extended her hand, covered by the pillow. The black barrel of the gun peeked out of its fluffy white frame.

The ticking of the clock grew louder and louder, pounded against Shacker's eardrums. The second hand moved around the face of the clock. Bix knew damn well the girl was going to pump lead into him.

His mouth dried up. Nausea gripped his stomach, brought bile into his throat. Desperately he tried to hold back the growing panic, tried to control an overpowering urge to act immediately and not wait for the appropriate second.

One last bid, he thought. "Remember the bells. Ringing." Fear was a tumor in his chest, closing his wind pipe. "The bells," he whispered to her. "Bells."

"Shut up about them! Shut up! Shut up!"

The alarm clock jangled.

Gracie's body jerked, her head snapped to its ringing. She stared at it moronically as a scream erupted in her throat.

That was the split second of distraction Bix was waiting for. He swung both feet high. The points of his shoes connected with the pillow and the gun, sent both flying across the room.

Stunned, the girl faced Shacker. Convulsive sobs swept out the sorrow and she sank to the floor, huddling her small frame in a small, pitiful heap of failure.

Shacker picked up her gun and shoved it into his belt. He was breathing heavily, but it wasn't from exercise. Muscles were quivering and his legs were weak. He struggled to get his coat on.

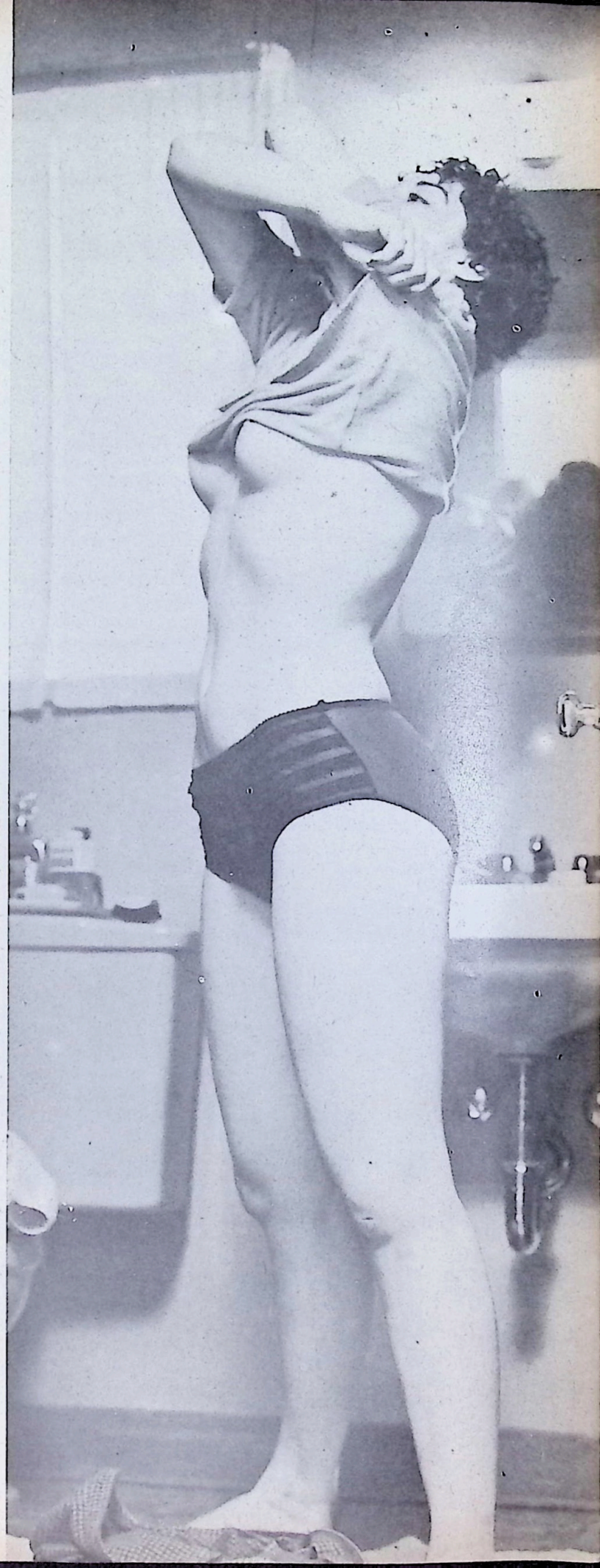
"Well, Gracie, the only thing you managed to kill tonight was one good hour of sleep." He picked her up and helped her to the door.

When she was gone he glanced back into the room, realized he hadn't shut off the alarm, and he mumbled to himself, "Wonder if they really ring a bell up there in the death house . . ."

Stacey cops the crown! Man, what a tan!

"a pretty girl... a rainy day"

Hollywood model Joan Grant
proves it possible
to have fun although sober
when the heavens open
up and the rains come down.



IT IS ALL very well to say of someone else, "Doesn't he (or she) have sense enough to come in out of the rain?" In fact, there is a certain smug pleasure in thus asserting one's own superiority — unless and until it happens to *you,* as it has just happened to vivid brunette model Joan Grant at the far left.

However, jewel-pretty Joanie has more than a set of delectable features, that curly black hair and a 36-24-36 figure to tote around through the wolf-laden Hollywoods. She is also possessed of sufficient wit to head for her snug little one bedroom (who needs more?) home within handy sportscar distance of all the major film, TV and photographers' studios through which she is busily promoting a fledgling career.

She may have been caught in the rain, and drenched right down to her pearly, perfumed skin, but she's much too smart to stay out when it's raining cats, dogs and pitchforks instead of actinic, ultra-violet rays, more "usual" in Southern California.

Once in the haven of her apartment, it's off with sandals, skirt and sloppy-Joe, then peel those cute, clinging little black lace panties and into a dry towel. Then it's into whatever is handy in the way of intimate lounging things (but not very much of them!), and settle down for a long, lazy afternoon.

What to do? That's no problem for a resourceful girl like Joanie. There are LPR albums to play, there is coffee to instant-make and not-so-instant-sip. There are TV programs to watch, shows Joanie ordinarily misses while she's making the rounds of the agencies and studios.

As the song has it, rain offers "a chance to while away a lazy afternoon." Evening, and Joanie's ardent date, are still a long way off, and she has plenty of time to lie around and think up endless delightful surprises for him. Even if it's still raining when he arrives, he won't mind. In fact, he's luckier than any man has a right to be!

NO ONE, *from page 25*

She allowed her thigh to brush his again, then giggled and clutched at his sleeve with sudden playfulness. It was unnerving. He found that she had maneuvered so that his arm was around her and that his hand was on her waist. She patted the fingers. "Look," she said, "thanks a million for getting me away from that crap. Those jerks just kill me. You're a nice guy."

For some reason her street talk did not startle him. Nora never used such words, but in this girl it was exciting and deepened his semi-drunk feeling of adventure. Mike Taggert was on the loose tonight. But there was his fear that he would end up in some crowded hamburger mill with this girl leaning on him and giggling. He said, "You don't really want a Coke, do you?"

"Uh - uh." She stopped walking, pitched her cigarette into the sand of the darkened beach with a professional snap and told him, "Look, you want to know what I want? Could we get a drink somewhere?" When he hesitated over that, she added hastily, "Look, I have a drink now and then. Don't let that throw you. Even my mother knows and she don't mind. Just so I don't smoke marijuana and stuff like that."

"Well," said Keith, hating the frightened tone of it, "I don't think we ought to . . ."

"Jesus Christ!" She stepped back from his arm. "Forget it. Look, I'd better be disappearing anyway." She turned and began walking back toward the lights and the blasting music of the ballroom.

He stood for a moment, seeing the sensual swing of her hips away from him, exaggerated more than ever now because of her anger, and knowing that this was the time to head for home and pretend he had not even talked to her.

But . . . if her mother didn't care . . . and no one would see them . . .

It wasn't as though she hadn't had liquor before.

He stepped out after her, calling, "I've got a bottle in my car."

She stopped and went through her little tilted-head business of adjusting an earring while he caught up. She was smiling again and she put her arm through his as they cut across a vacant lot toward the parking area. "Look," she said, "I hope you aren't PO'd at me. I mean shoving off on you like that. I thought maybe you were some kind of juvie cop or something."

"No," he told her, "I'm an insurance investigator." That was what Mike Taggert had been in the magazine story. He wasn't too drunk to realize how phony it sounded and wished he had simply said he was a salesman and let it go at that.

But Kit was impressed. She worked the gum in her mouth and asked, "No lie? Like a private detective?"

He squirmed in his own trap. "Well, not quite so spectacular. It's really awfully dull."

She squeezed his arm and rubbed against him as they walked. "I'll bet fifty dollars it isn't. You just say that. Wow, I'll bet you're cool at it. You want to know why? Cause you don't look like one. You might be a bank teller or something." As though feeling that she had insulted him, she added hurriedly, "I mean, you look too much like a . . . you know, *gentleman,* to be one."

Keith had her wait at the corner of the lot while he went to his car and took a fifth from an undelivered case in the trunk. It had occurred to him he ought not to let her see his license number any more than he should let the parking attendant get a look at him setting out to drink with a teenaged girl. He kept insisting that the sick sensation in his stomach was simply the excitement of an illicit adventure. He knew he should get in the car and drive home like a good boy. He didn't.

When he returned to her, she seized his arm and suggested, "Look, let's go down the beach a ways. Nobody'll be around and we can sit on the sand and have a little taste, okay?"

He guarded the jug under his coat until they had recrossed the sidewalk in back of the ballroom and reached the soft, cool beach. Kit stopped, held his arm tightly and unstrapped her sandals, standing on one foot and then on the other. She laughed as her naked feet scrunched in the sand. "Man, take off your shoes!"

He handed her the bottle and knelt down to undo the laces, looking around to make certain no one watched them. Barefoot, he carried the shoes in one hand kept the other around the girl's thin, hard waist. She held the bottle by its neck and clutched her little handbag and sandals. Abruptly, she broke into a run, splashing sand into his face. "I've got the bottle!" she shrieked, "See you around!"

He chased after her, slogging through the deep beach. God, he was out of condition. The effort winded him immediately, while Kit sprinted lightly ahead of him, turning now and then to hold the whiskey aloft and scream, "It's mine! You don't get any!"

Finally she was waiting for him on the dark beach a few yards short of the curling surf. The lights of the ballroom seemed a mile back across the deserted sand and there were no more night jungle sounds of voices — only the dim rising and falling of the distant music. Just beyond the slender figure of Kit, as she stood with her bare feet apart, the breakers frothed white, then crumbled and whispered over the glistening hard pack, skidding back into

"Take me to your Leader."

the sea again.

As he neared her, burning for breath and astonished that he had stretched so far out of shape in just a few years, she set the bottle on the beach with her purse and sandals and reached out to hug him. "Hey, Mike," she said softly, "You're a lot of fun, you know it?" And she held her face up to him.

So he kissed her, since she wanted him to, and because he had been telling himself he was drunk enough.

He was not prepared for the heat of her embrace. Her wide mouth was open and she touched her tongue to his. He tasted the thick, oily lipstick and was assaulted by the powerful scent of her perfume as it mingled with the noisy ocean's salt smell. Kit drew her body against him, pushing insistently, moving back and forth with a demanding passion he had never known in Nora. The thought of his wife reminded him that he should shove the girl away and leave her right then. But there he was and he couldn't walk away without being foolish about it — even if he wanted to.

"Wow," murmured Kit, pulling her mouth from his at last. "Look, I'm sure glad you were in there tonight. You know? I'm so sick of those jerks. They kill me. Like that Norm. They're just kids and they think they have to be so tough."

Keith grasped at the conversation to give himself time to think, to stall a little. "Who's Norm? The guy you were dancing with?"

But she pressed her cheek against his. "Did you catch him starting that brawl with that poor guy? Just because he knew he'd have those other characters jumping in to help him. I'll bet fifty dollars you have to be tough in your job, but you're a man and you don't have to go around making out like it."

He was unable to dismiss the trace of panic. "What time do you have to be home?" And it struck him how stupid it would sound if he suddenly said, 'I've got to go. My wife is expecting me.'

The girl snickered, spinning away from him and performing a barefooted twirl on the sand. "Look," she said, "this is spring vacash. You think I live in Bal? I came down here with those other kids. Man, I don't have to be in till next Sunday." She stopped in the midst of her whirl, looking at him with her head tilted. "You worried about my mother, Mike?"

"I was just wondering," he said feebly.

"She's in San Bernardino and that's far, far away." Suddenly she wanted to know, "Are you married or something?"

"No." He'd said it too quickly.

"Wow. You had me worried there for a sec." And, excited and gay once again, she said, "Look, let's put your coat down on the sand and sit on it, okay?"

He looked back across the beach toward the town. Far, far away. Who was to know? He took off the coat slowly, surrendering to the trap and thinking that as long as no one was around and no one would ever know.

She dropped down on the coat and pulled the black skirt up above her knees so that they looked white against the beach. Reaching up to him with her bare arms, she said, "Hey, Mike, let's have that drink."

Fearfully, he settled next to her, sitting cross-legged, not touching her. She handed him the bottle and his fingers were trembling as he twisted off the tinfoil and pulled the cork. She accepted the bottle from him and lifted it, letting the bourbon spill into her red mouth. "Crazy," she said, giving it back to him.

He welcomed the burning jolt in his stomach, feeling it dull the edge of his guilt, feeling the butterflies die slowly. Why shouldn't he be here after all? He was a man and she was sick of boys. She knew what she was doing. It wasn't as though he were corrupting an innocent child. And, God damn it, Nora hadn't been much to him lately.

They had two more drinks without speaking, and then Kit took the cap from his hand and closed up the bottle, setting it carefully upright in the sand beside her. She put her face to his chest, wriggled her body close to him and said, "Mike, this was turning out to be such a crappy week." When still he didn't touch her, she took his hand with the sureness of an older woman and placed it firmly on the cool flesh above her knee. He let it stay there motionless, but it quavered and he began to move it back and forth to conceal that. Kit's body responded instantly to the stroking and she leaned harder against him. Her own thin hands were busy with him and soon he forgot everything but that they were all alone on a dark beach too far from anything to care.

Coolly, with the casualness of a married woman in her own bedroom, the girl pulled the rustling slip up her soft, slender thighs and giggled lightly when she put his hand where she wanted it. He discovered that she was not wearing panties.

The panic returned for a moment. "I don't have anything," he said, "for protection."

"That's all right, baby. This is the right time for me."

— *turn to page 60*

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NO ONE, *from page 59*

And, as he went ahead, she whispered, "Baby, please do good."

And then her mouth worked anxiously at his ear as he became the man she thought he was . . .

When she screamed and shoved him away, his head rang with it. He leaped from her in terror and in the same instant saw what she had seen.

The boy in the jacket hovered no more than ten feet away on the sand, watching them. Even in the darkness, his face was cold and foxlike. His hands were held out from his body. The girl scrambled onto her knees, pulling frantically at the skirt, trying to cover herself. "Get away!" she shrieked. "Get away!"

But the boy did not look down at her. He was staring at Keith, who felt his heart hammering, felt the strength drained from every muscle. He wondered if he would be able to lift his arms when the boy came at him.

"I been following you, Daddy," the boy in the jacket said. "And here you are playing in the sand with a seventeen-year-old chick. That's statutory. Twenty years in San Quentin. You know that, Daddy?"

"Listen, son," Keith said, but his voice betrayed him. He thought that if he had the power, he would have turned and run — but his legs were about to buckle beneath him and nothing about him would work.

The girl remained crouched on his coat. Keith thought she was crying, but then realized she was only trying to talk. She finally got out, "Look, Norm, get out of here. You don't own me." She shrilled the words over again: "You don't own me!"

For the first time, the boy looked down at her. "Half the guys in San Berdoo own you," he said. "I got a share in you."

Kit threatened, "This guy's a private detective. You're going to get in a lot of trouble."

A short, humorless laugh exploded in the boy. "Private detective! He probably sells groceries. Private detective, my ass!"

Keith did his best to muster a commanding tone. "Go on, kid, beat it."

But the boy only advanced on him a few steps. "Twenty years, Daddy. I'll bet you got an old lady somewhere, too, huh? She thinks you're working late at the grocery store? Jesus, wait till she gets filled in! And she's going to, Daddy, she's sure as hell going to. I'm going to beat the crap out of you and then I'm going to run you in to the cops on statutory. Man, talk about trouble!"

Nora. Oh, God, Nora. And little Skip, from whom the word "Daddy" didn't sound dirty. At least, not yet.

The boy was moving in on him.

Keith found enough strength to back away. The playful run out across the beach had winded him so much, he knew he could not escape by breaking for it now. He heard the cries of the girl almost before he felt the first knuckled blow on his cheek bone. Amazingly, it did not carry the pain he had expected. There was just a numbing sensation. He thrust his fists out and tried to strike back, but a second jolt pushed him stumbling off balance and he fell on one knee into the sand. As he heard the boy commanding, "Come on, Daddy, come on," he caught the dull gleam of the whiskey fifth resting next to his coat.

He didn't even think about it. It was in his hand and he came up swinging it as hard as he could. As though he were watching while someone else brought the heavy bottle shattering down across the Elvis-combed hair, while the young animal face suddenly drained.

And while the boy dropped away from him, into a motionless form.

A sound stuck in the girl's throat. For a few moments neither Keith nor she spoke. She simply knelt on the coat, looking dumbly at the crumpled boy. Across the back of the jacket, Keith could dimly see ALLEY CATS, SAN BERDOO. He took a step or two backward and waited for the movement he already knew was not coming.

At last, terrified, he went over to the boy and touched the side of the face. His hand was trembling violently. He brought it away, wet with warm blood. He saw what he imagined to be a section of white bone through the mat of hair.

And he knew the boy was dead.

Keith turned to the girl helplessly. But there was nothing she could do for him. She was open-mouthed and she was holding her elbows in her hands, as though the spring night had turned abruptly to winter. From far across the empty beach, there came the discordant sound of the dance band and the blasting cough of an accelerating hot rod.

Keith looked down, saw that he still gripped by the neck the splintered bourbon bottle and hurled it away, as far as he was able, out into the tumbling surf. The girl was pushing her feet into her sandals. Keither found his shoes, got into them and didn't wait to tie the laces. His fingers probably would not have been able to manage it. He pulled on the wrinkled, sandy coat and started walking behind the girl toward the unaware lights of Balboa. Neither of them looked back.

They struck out for a relatively quiet point a block to the left of the

ballroom. The sand dragged at Keith's steps, but he and the girl did not stop until they were off the beach and on the unlighted street near the parking lot. Then she turned on him fiercely. "Look, you've got to get me away from here!" He wanted to run from her, but she saw his hesitation and seized his arm. "Don't leave me here, for Christ's sake!"

He recognized the danger of having her anywhere in the area. Someone would soon be finding the boy's body. "Come on," he told her, and they set off for his car.

The attendant on the lot was slouched in someone's Cadillac, listening to a news broadcast on the radio and paying no attention to them. Keith let the girl in on the right said, then walked quickly around and slid under the wheel. He pushed the key into the ignition, put the car in gear and wheeled it out into the street.

At the main boulevard, which came down the penninsula from Newport Beach, he asked, "Which way to the place you're staying?" He had to drop her and get out of there.

She was looking dismal and frightened against the right-hand door. She looked at him, eyes wide. "Mike, let's drive to Tijuana. Right now."

"No," he said sharply, desperate to cut any thread of connection to her. To forget he had ever seen her. Or her ALLEY CAT.

But she pressed it. "That would keep them off us, Mike. We could get down to Mexico in a couple of hours and . . ." Her voice dropped suddenly. ". . . and get married or something." Because he wouldn't even look at her under the street light, she added, "I mean, that way we can tell the cops we were down there all the time and you wouldn't get in trouble about taking me over the border . . . if we got married. And my mother couldn't raise hell about it."

Keith had been idling the car at the stop signal and now a kid in a jalopy behind him leaned on the horn. "Which way is your place?" he demanded. He was sick and thought he might be going to throw up.

"Go left," Kit said dully.

And as he drove down the boulevard, in the direction of Newport, she asked him quietly, "You weren't snowing me when you said you aren't married, were you?"

"How far is this place?"

"Next block. On the right at those bungalows."

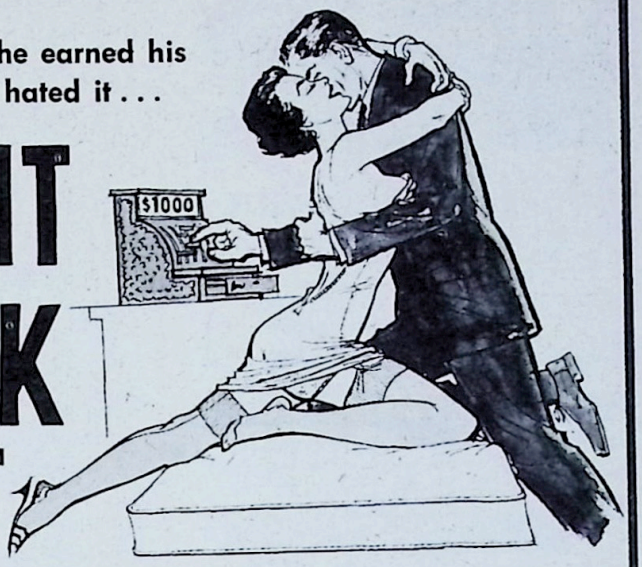
Keith slowed the car and brought it to a stop where she pointed. He sat clutching the steering wheel, waiting for her to get out and leave him, but she asked in her too-shrill voice, "What

— *turn to page 62*

It was the way he earned his living, and he hated it . . .

NIGHT WORK

by PAUL WILLSON



TONY AND PAMELA, sitting at a ringside table in Manhattan's smartest and most glamorous nightclub, made a perfect picture couple, and they both knew it. Pamela was young, beautiful, and sophisticated. Her figure was willowy, yet eye-filling in exactly the right places, a fact her gown was cunningly designed to reveal.

Tony was tall, handsome in his smart dinner jacket. He looked across the silver and crystal laden damask cloth at Pamela's loveliness and thought dark, bitter thoughts upon the career that was his — of hired escort for the evening or, more bluntly, gigolo. In his garage mechanic days in Brooklyn, he would have considered it almost insane good fortune to be out with a girl like Pamela — and to be paid, and well paid, for it. But those days were long behind him, and there had been too many Pamelas.

"Take me home, Tony," Pamela said quietly — yet for all her gentility, it was an order. Tony suppressed a sigh and beckoned the waiter to bring the check.

He paid it — he always paid the checks in public and added them to his bill, which he sent around later — then rose to help Pamela into her summer ermines. Covetous eyes followed both of them as they moved gracefully from the club. A chauffeured limousine awaited them outside. The limousine was Pamela's as was the immense, white-granite Fifth Avenue town-house to which it carried them in satin-smooth comfort.

In the silk-hung immensity of Pamela's bedroom, they undressed matter-of-factly. She faced his spare nudity, her eyes aglow with sensual pleasure-to-come, and her softly rounded arms rose to embrace him. "Darling!" she panted as her soft lips approached his. "Darling, darling, *darling . . .!*"

In the vast, canopied bed, Tony handled her as casually, as efficiently, as a truck loader handling a sack of meal. After half an hour, she lay back, gasping for breath, her eyes heavy lidded with post-passionate exhaustion. When he moved to leave her, she stretched out a restraining arm, saying, "Don't go, darling. Not yet!"

"Honey," he said lightly. "Tonight has already cost you over a thousand dollars, and it's the fourth time this week. Not even you can afford it forever."

"I don't care!" she moaned, burying her face in the pillows. "Don't go, darling — don't leave me alone."

"You'll feel better in the morning if I do," he told her detachedly. He was already buttoning the dull-black pearl studs of his dress shirt.

"What do you do when you're on your own?" she asked, turning to watch him. "Go out with some dreadful whore you're in love with?"

"I stick to bearded ladies," he replied a trifle grimly.

"Is she very beautiful?" Pamela asked, sitting up and giving free flow to her magnificent high, proud young breasts. "More beautiful than I am?"

"Think anything you like," he told her, slipping into his jacket. "What I do on my own time is my own business."

"I'll call you tomorrow, darling," she told him as he turned to leave.

"You know my number," he replied without looking back.

He opened the grille of the old brownstone and entered a world that smelled of spaghetti, lasagna and polenta. He entered the dingy bedroom where the fat woman awaited him, sitting up sleepily in the brass bedstead. She might have been pretty once, but her beauty had long been buried by the years, by the immense rolls of flesh that enfolded her. Hungrily, he reached for her, almost growling with desire, as his arms enfolded the sagging flesh, and his lips sought the overfull mouth.

"Darling!" he cried reproachfully. "You didn't wait up for me. You fell asleep!"

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NO ONE, *from page 61*

if the cops come around? What'll I do? You'll have to help me!"

"They won't," he said. "Good night."

"Look . . ." And her eyes were bright with anger. Or fear. Or both. "I'm not going to get in trouble because of you. Everybody knows I was at that dance with Norm. The cops'll come sniffing around after me."

"No, they won't." But there was no force there.

"Only a crappy son of a bitch would let a girl take the fall for him. Tell me where to get a hold of you if the cops come around."

"Please don't worry about . . ."

"You tell me, or by sweet Jesus I'll fill them in about us on that beach and they'll find you and throw that statutory at you . . ." Then she added, "Like he said."

Keith's hands were laying a coat of perspiration on the wheel. "All right, all right!" He fumbled for a moment and told her, "Pacific Coast Life Insurance Company. The office is in L.A."

"What's the Goddamned phone number?"

"It's in the book." But it wasn't — there was no such company.

"Man, I pity you if you're snowing me."

"Good night," he said again.

"At least you can open the door for me." She sat glaring at him, waiting.

He stepped out into the street and walked around to the other side. But before he got there, he tripped on one of his shoe laces that trailed undone and he had to brace himself against the trunk of the car. Then he got up on the curb and yanked the door open for her. She did not look at him or speak to him as she came out and walked rapidly across the sidewalk, fading among the shadows of the small court of frame bungalows. The last thing he saw was her rear end, but she wasn't twitching it to tease him any more.

He pushed the car as fast as he dared on the way to Newport Heights. The familiarity of the neighborhood overlooking the northern reach of the motionless bay made the horror of the evening unreal and distant.

He rolled the car into the garage, seeing in the headlight beams the half-finished rocking chair he was building for Skip, jig-sawed out of pine with the arms cut in the shape of horses' heads. He shut off the engine, snapped out the lights and stepped along the flagstone walk of the back yard. It was almost like any other night, with him coming home from his business rounds of restaurants and bars.

The house was dark and he let himself in. There was only the night light in the hall that Nora always left on for him. In the kitchen, he tried to drink a glass of water, but dumped it after he found that he could not swallow. He passed Skip's room, seeing that his son was sleeping on his stomach with the drop-seat rear of his pajamas thrust up in the air. And his huge football helmet on his head. In the bedroom, Nora breathed in the darkness with the restlessness of pregnancy.

Keith sat down on the stuffed chair and slipped out of the untied shoes. They were heavy with sand, so he went into the bathroom to pour them out into the toilet. He remembered to check his face in the mirror. There was lipstick slashed across his mouth and on his right ear. The oppressive odor of the girl's perfume clung to him and he prepared to take a shower to wash away the night's shame.

He was naked and stepping into the tiled stall when the telephone in the living room rang. He almost fell getting to it before it could wake Nora. Standing nude with the instrument in his hand, a chill swept over him. No one ever called this late. After a long time he answered it softly. "Hello?"

"Mister Middleton?"

God! He knew, but he asked, "Who's this?"

The girl's voice was high and strained. "You'd better come right away."

Keith's hand shook so that he could scarcely keep the phone to his ear. "I think you have the wrong number," he told her.

"No I haven't. The reason I made you go around and let me out of the car was so I could snatch your registration slip off the steering post."

"What do you want?"

"You'd better come and take me to Mexico or something like I said. When I got inside, I remembered I left my purse on the beach where Norm is." And when he said nothing, she told him, "It's got my identification in it and everything. If they come to see me, Mister Middleton, I've got to tell them it was you hit him. Not me, you lying bastard!"

Keith lowered the phone, but didn't replace it on the receiver. He could still hear the girl talking to him. The tinny voice was asking, "Are you coming down to pick me up, Mister Middleton?"

And from the bedroom, Nora's sleep-filled call:

"Keith? Who are you talking to?"

He left the telephone and walked into the bedroom. "Don't turn on the light," he told his wife. "I've got something to tell you and I don't want the light on. Please."

"PARIS VIRGIN"

OLD ADAM, young Roger Turrell, and ace photographer Russ Meyer followed up the latest doings at Hollywood's Civic Playhouse one night recently, for a front-row center look at the latest bit of undressed tomfoolery put on by Stan Seiden and Ted Ticktin, producers of the fantastically successful "Pajama Tops". They were exhibiting a new crop of sexpots awaiting the Big Hollywood Break, cavorting on stage under the box-office-draw title of "Paris Virgin" For Mr. Meyer's reaction, see the pix; for Mr. Turrell's reaction, see right; for old ADAM's reaction, see the play.

Paris Virgin?

A Scenelet After The Play or Something To Read If You Don't Like Pictures

by Roger Turrell

SCENE: Late night, after the theater, outside the Civic Playhouse on Hollywood's La Cienega Boulevard, world famous as Restaurant Row.

ADAM: **Well, you must admit, the girls were pretty.**

(Heads speedily toward the stage door to announce his presence, with me in hot pursuit.)

ME: **Is that all you think of?**

(Tripping over my big feet as my body goes one way, my eyes another, following the blonde in the no-back, low-front dress.)

ADAM: **Naturally.**

ME: **But, my God, man, there's more to life than that!**

ADAM: **Doubtful. Did you notice the legs on that Cindy What's-Her-Name?**

ME: **Yes. Exquisite! But, it was so much like burlesque.**

ADAM: **Of course! What in the world did you think farce was? Certainly not serious theater, dramatic literature, or a play with social significance.**

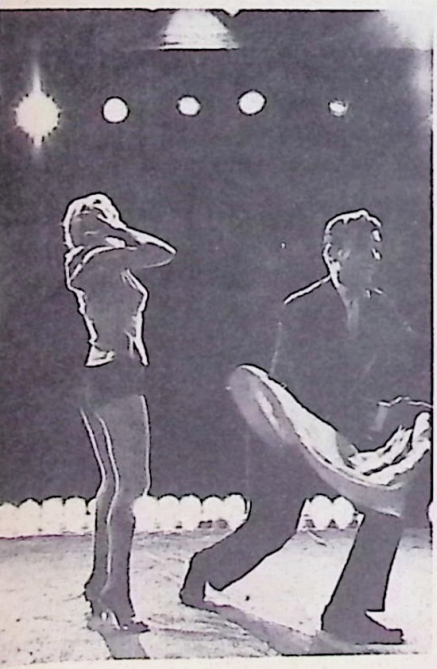
(He twirls his nightstick and stabs the air pointedly at this. I duck in time to avoid having my right eye put out.)

ME: **Yes. But the phoney Frenchiness of it. The stale old gags . . .**

ADAM: **You laughed. I saw you.**

(Stabs again. Parried nicely with my rolled up copy of the theater program.)

ME: **I suppose I did.**



ADAM: Besides, it's the closest thing to burlesque we've got these days.

ME: You mean strip?

ADAM: No, I mean burlesque, which was a grand American institution. To prick the inflated balloon, deflate the pompous, topple the high and mighty. To lower those people and customs which tread noisily in the upper strata, particularly if they're phoney or fetid with age.

(Pausing emphatically to leer at a passing member of the cast — I believe it was the delectable Monique — to show that he, of course, was not fetid with age.)

ME: You mean sex?

ADAM: Sex mostly, but also politics and morals and mores of every sort. That was real burlesque, so popular a generation ago, before misguided do-gooders and political opportunists ran it into its present bare and lowly-held estate.

ME: You mean the strip?

ADAM: *(Doing a sudden mean and wild gyration I believe is called the bump and grind, then calling upon me to smack him smartly on the back to restore a misplaced vertebrae or two.)* The strip. Oh, not that I'm against the strip. As you must know, I love it. But I miss the theater of the masses. That's what burlesque really was, you know. It had a long and ancient and honorable history, clear back to the Greeks and Romans. The farces, called *phlyakes*, put on by the ancients, were like burlesque in that they were really ad-libbed gossip, knocking somebody or something, put on in the form of a play in some primitive version of the Hollywood Bowl.

ME: But the plot, man? Would you have bothered to sit through the plot tonight if it wasn't for the constant dressing and undressing, the long, smooth legs; the sheer, lacy panties, the well-filled bras?

ADAM: The plot? Who in the world followed the plot! Good grief, man, don't ever try to follow the plot of a French farce. It's as corny as an Italian opera, and twice as confusing. It's the lines, man, the bellybusters, and the posturing and posing of the ridiculous that you ought to listen to and watch for.

ME: But why a translation from the French? And probably a bad translation at that. Where are the American writers of farce?

ADAM: Writing commercials and gags for television, their mouths stuffed with Krispy Krunchies, their hands washed with aromatic Lava-Lava, their beards shaved with Keeno-Gleemo, and using ballpoint pens that write under water, diluting the acidity and pointedness of their comments. As to the Frenchiness — it probably isn't even French at all. It's a good gimmick for promotion. After all, Americans have somehow gotten it into their heads that French sex is in some strange psychological, physiological and metaphysical way better than the home bred variety, merely for being French. To our feeble, brainwashed minds, if it has the French label on it, it smacks of the more spicy, the more daring and the more forbidden, and we still love most that which is forbidden most.

ME: *(Sub rosa, mucho pianissimo, with a glance over both shoulders.)* Tell me . . . is it true about how they used to dress in those ancient farces? You know, with their sex han . . .

ADAM: *(Quite loudly. In fact, much too loudly, and utilizing his cane to emphasize the point just as the tantalizing Paulette dodged nimbly past. "Sorry Darling. Busy tonight," she coos.)* Why, of course it's true. The men wore giant leather phalli, damned near tripping themselves as they pranced about the stage. That way, the audience knew who to laugh at.

ME: Hah! Can you imagine tonight's hero wearing one of those things? He'd be drummed out of SAG, Equity, AFTRA and the WCTU, to boot, for indecent exposure.

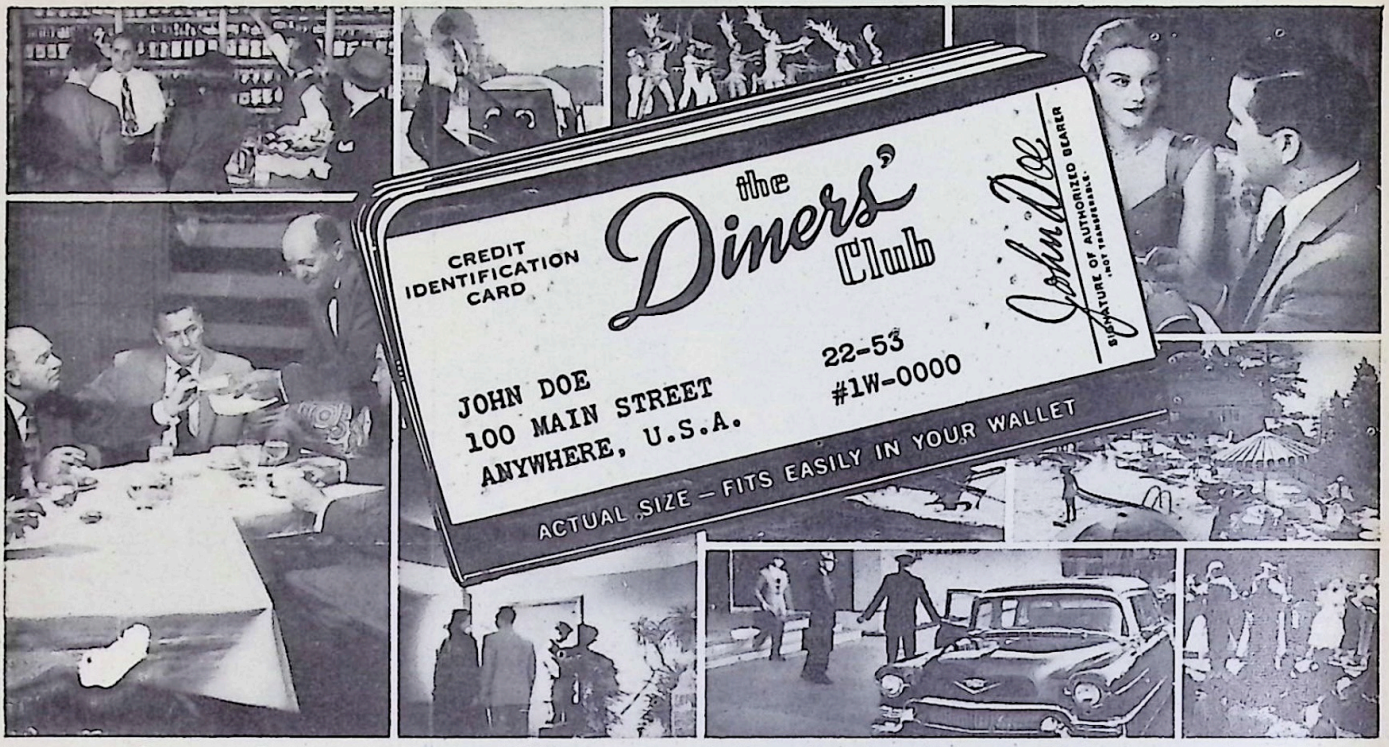
ADAM: Oh, he wore one, all right, but only in his dialogue. Did you notice how the women in the audience gasped when Charles ripped the skirt from Paulette's svelte hips and proceeded with the seduction?

ME: Nice hips.

ADAM: *(Fondly watching Cindy What's-Her-Name, she of the long, beautiful legs, emerge from the stage door, and applauding her grandly as she passes)* Yes, but isn't it wonderful to know that every woman in that theater wanted some man to come to her and do just that! Come along, my boy. They're all gone now, and I've got an engagement!

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WHEREVER YOU GO

when you carry a Diners' Club card!



here's why you will want to join the Diners' Club

YOU'LL HAVE 14,000 CHARGE ACCOUNTS and immediate, unquestioned credit at the finest establishments in every key city throughout the world. You'll be able to charge FOOD, DRINKS, ENTERTAINMENT, HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, CAR RENTALS, LIQUOR, FLOWERS, GIFTS, ETC. When the bill is presented you just sign it. That's all.

YOU'LL GET ONLY ONE MONTHLY STATEMENT. It will include all your charges. Makes it impossible to forget any legitimate business expense. One check pays for everything. *An invaluable record for tax and bookkeeping purposes.* Your accountant will verify this.

YOU'LL ENJOY THE PRESTIGE AND CONVENIENCE ACCLAIMED BY 600,000 MEMBERS. Your wallet-sized *Diners' Club* credit card assures you preferred treatment wherever you go and is as easy to use as an oil company credit card. Eliminates expense-account headaches, petty cash nuisance, the need to carry large sums of cash. Replaces dozens of individual credit cards. A complete directory and guide to over 14,000 of the world's finest RESTAURANTS, NIGHT CLUBS, HOTELS, FLORISTS, MOTELS through the CONGRESS OF MOTOR HOTELS; AUTO RENTALS through HERTZ RENT A CAR; interstate LIQUOR GIFTS through BEVERAGE GIFT SERVICE.

$5 COVERS 12 FULL MONTHS OF SERVICE. All this credit, convenience, and prestige costs you just $5 a year or 12 months from date card is issued—a modest fee for so many benefits. And for only $2.50 each, authorized members of your firm or family can be added on the same account. Membership fee also includes one year's subscription to "The Diners' Club Magazine".

TAX BULLETIN!

On November 25, 1957, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, Russell C. Harrington, in commenting on a new regulation which will require taxpayers to fill in new expense account information on their individual income tax forms, stated:

"All individual taxpayers who incur expenses in connection with their employment should keep adequate records of their expenditures and reimbursements, so that for 1958 and later years they will be in a position to supply expense account information from their own records."

Your Diners' Club bill is a dated, receipted voucher which permanently records what you spent and where you spent it!

THIS IS YOUR APPLICATION — MAIL TODAY

DINERS' CLUB 910 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

FOR OFFICE USE

Full Name_____

Home Address_____ City_____ State_____

Home Phone_____ Rent Home_____ Own Home_____ Years_____

Company Name_____ Nature of Business_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____

Business Phone_____ Years with above firm_____ Position_____

Bank and Branch Address_____ Reg. Checking ☐
If company account desired, indicate company bank. Spec. Checking ☐

Charge accounts at_____ Savings ☐

Loan ☐

CHECK ONE ONLY

COMPANY ACCOUNT ☐ Bill to office address

PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐ Bill to home address

PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐ Bill to office address

Have you applied previously?_____

If addition to existing account, show number_____

$5 FEE: ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME ☐ covers twelve months' membership from date card is issued and includes one year's subscription to Diners' Club Magazine at sixty cents.

Card holder assumes individual responsibility with company applicant

Signature of individual applicant_____

Signature of executive authorizing company account_____ Title_____

Letters to Adam

ADAM INTERNATIONAL

Having been recently transferred to Geneva, I was greatly shocked and disappointed that, upon investigation, I was unable to find any newsdealers who sold ADAM. I have long been a reader of ADAM, and over the years it has become my favorite magazine. I find ADAM the leader in its field — and may it long remain!

James Villard
American Consulate General
Geneva, Switzerland

* * *

Having read your magazine in Australia for the first time, I must say that I was tremendously impressed. I am hoping for the chance of meeting some of your readers by mail, and exchanging some of our magazines (which are very weak in comparison) with copies of yours. I am 23 years of age.

Cecil D. Webster
Room #64
City Hall
Brisbane, Australia.

ADAM *suggests you fellows set up your own mutual exchange, as we have no subscription service or foreign distribution.*

* * *

CUTE!

I am sending you some snapshots my boyfriend took of me last month, in the hope that you will run one of them in your letter column in ADAM. I am just 21 years old and do secretarial work, but would prefer a modeling career—that is if you and your readers think I stack up. I am five feet four inches tall, with green eyes and light red hair. I weigh 115 pounds in my bikini and measure 35-24-36 where it counts the most. Do I have a chance?

Donna Tuck
West Philadelphia, Pa.

You've got a chance, all right, Donna, if your boy-friend is crazy enough to let you get away.

* * *

ROUND ON THE ENDS . . .

Thanks for the pictures of Virginia Bell. What a torso! We think your cover girl Lari Lane (Vol. 2, No. 2) rates a feature article. And sometime in the future, maybe you can find space for Donna Mae Brown ('Busty') and Becky McLane.

Some of the boys at Ohio State U.

* * *

TAPEWORM

Your magazine is in a class by itself, the top class to be sure, and that is why I write you to see if we can do something about all these flat-chested gals who lay claim to 48-inch bosoms. My plan is this — instead of the usual three measurements, let's have four. Beside bust, wait and hips, let's include "sub-bust", a measurement taken just below the bust, around the ribcage, and let's insert that measurement after the bust when we call them off. This would show who's got what. A measurement of 36-29-24-35 would be absolutely WOW. And let's see how that would fix Miss 45-42-26-38. Agree or not, please keep putting out your fabulous magazine.

Jerry Jaffe

Your plan sounds positively subbustive, if not subversive, Jerry.

* * *

A DIAMOND-SHAPED TEAR

Two things, remarkable and unremarkable, have happened to me. I've just gotten married and drafted, too. My beautiful bride, a cattleman's daughter, made me vow to sell or destroy all my ADAMS (the only "naughty" magazine I buy) and not ever to buy another. So I now have 17 issues of ADAM for sale.

Dave Diamond
Toledo, Ohio.

Being married and drafted sounds trivial compared to this final, most unkindest cut of all, David. Why, it's almost un-American!

* * *

RED-BLOODED

After reading every magazine from the local bookshops, I wish to say your ADAM gives me the most pleasure. ADAM is the best pickup for red-blooded guys who live here, in the cool, northern bush country. Once a month, I walk two miles to buy the latest issue of ADAM, and it's well worth the effort. I wonder if anybody walks farther for it.

Rudolph P. Sustarich
Calumet, Mich.

So does ADAM*!*

* * *

Ever wonder what beca
Vikki (The Back) Dougl
ADAM found her workin
Hollywood, and in the n
issue you'll see more of
than you've ever seen,
words and pictures find
who, what, where, whe
and how this sexpot tic

The Zomba's All-Out Strip Connection *see pg 26*

ADAM In Words

RAY BRADBURY Writes About THE MURDERER *see pg 4*
When A Whore Ruled All Of France . . . . . *see pg 12*
A New ADAM Game For The Bedroom . . . . . *see pg 16*
His Moment Of Passion Spelled Disaster . . . . . *see pg 22*
The Beauty Played Everything She Had On The Wheel *see pg 33*
Peter Van Haick Mixes Football, Fun And Females . . *see pg 36*
"Please Be Gentle," She Pleaded. "I Won't Fight You" *see pg 46*
The Cop Would Die While Her Boyfriend Fried . . . . *see pg 52*
Call Boy For One Thousand A Night . . . . . *see pg 61*

ADAM In Pictures

Hot Stuff From The Cold Country . . . . . *see pg 7*
A Lovely Lass Gets Wet-To-The-Skin . . . . . *see pg 56*
Meet The "Paris Virgin" . . . . . *see pg 63*

West Germany's Sexy Siren . . . . . *see pg 42*